



JOHN KEBLE

From an engraving by F. Holl, A.R.A., after G. Richmond, R.A.

THE  
CHRISTIAN YEAR  
BY  
JOHN KEBLE

---

WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
BY HIS GRACE  
THE  
ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH  
LORD PRIMATE OF IRELAND

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PHYSIC

John Keble was born April 25th, 1792, and died March 29th, 1866. He was the first student, after Sir Robert Peel, who obtained a Double First Class at Oxford. He became a Fellow of Oriel, Professor of Poetry, Rector of Hursley for many years, and with Cardinal Newman and Dr. Pusey, one of the "first three" in the great Oxford movement.

The production by which this man, saint as well as genius, will be permanently known, is his "*Christian Year*", of which a new edition is here presented to the public. It attained an enormous circulation. It is still largely read: few would care to confess ignorance of one of our religious classics. But it scarcely runs fully the triumphant course of former years.

What have been the causes of this?

Miss Yonge points to the disuse of the once beautiful custom prevalent among English-speaking Christians of reading aloud in the family every Sunday the lines appropriate to it in "*The Christian Year*"—one of the evil consequences of the prevalent

neglect of Sunday. The change of Lessons in the new lectionary has not been without its effect. The occasional obscurity (amounting, however, in two or three instances only to Cimmerian darkness) discourages a few. Something more must be said. A certain change in the lines on "The Gunpowder Treason", demanded by the exquisite sensibility of a saintly conscience, gave a book which seemed to dwell in a region of passionless serenity a somewhat controversial air to certain minds. Another remark may be added. Mr. Keble's knowledge of Scripture, however remarkable in some directions (e.g. in his minute and beautiful study of the Hebrew Psalter), had not been much enriched by the vast stores of German scholarship. The poems upon the Evangelists in "The Christian Year", for instance, afford little indication of those points of light and undeniable tendencies of thought, which give them such significance for modern students. Such readers miss the grasp displayed by a poet like Browning in his "Death in the Desert", with its masterly summary of the very spiritual essence of St. John's writings.

*The Warden of Keble's admirable introduction and notes to "The Christian Year"*

prove, however, how extensive and varied Mr. Keble's reading was. It is incidentally shown to how many sources, English and classical, he was directly or indirectly indebted. The list (and some additions to it might be made) would comprise Homer, Herodotus, *Æschylus*, Pascal, Bishop Butler, Milton, Waller, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Byron perhaps once, Wordsworth and Scott (continually). This fact is by some, very unjustly, considered to throw suspicion upon Keble's originative power. He was a saint, who could not rest without restitution of all property which was not quite his own.

Keble's versification has in some quarters been unjustly depreciated, in others injudiciously praised. The poems generally cited as his very best are: (1) "S. Matthew's Day"; (2) "The Rosebud, Fourth Sunday in Lent"; (3) "Mountain Scenery, Twentieth Sunday after Trinity", Mr. Robertson's favourite; (4) "The Snowdrop, Tuesday in Easter Week"; (5) "Trinity Sunday". But it seems to the present writer that in point of sheer workmanship in versification, "St. Michael and All Angels" stands supreme. Mr. Keble and his friends unfor-

tunately had, like Dr. Johnson, a prejudice against Milton. The poem to which reference has just been made is not an imitation of Milton. It is certainly not the most pathetic or spiritual, but it is the most sustained, the loftiest, the most majestic of English sacred poems outside Milton. It is not so much Miltonic, as Milton.

Among poetical measures Keble has two favourites, the octosyllabic and the Alexandrine, whenever it can be brought in at the close of a stanza. The latter is far from being always satisfactory. Occasionally, of course, it is powerful and melodious; but often it has something of the overgrown movement of elongated adolescence. In the octosyllabic we find Keble at his best. We need only turn to "Morning and Evening", "Easter Day", "Tuesday in Whitsun Week", "Eleventh Sunday after Trinity", "Holy Communion", "Visitation of the Sick", "Ordination". Ken has sometimes a momentary inspiration in his management of this measure which reminds us of Keble at his best. Scott has much of its glory and fire, of its fitness for noble and chivalrous narrative, but at times the poetic rush becomes a prosaic jog-trot; the splendid rhythm

degenerates into doggerel. With Keble the little weapon fitted his hand to perfection, and seemed capable of turning every way. His octosyllabic couplets are musical, compact, expressive, quivering with thought. They have lucidity, gravity, and devotion—the arrow takes fire as it moves skyward.

Outside the Psalter, Ken's evening and morning hymns, and some of Cowper, no lines have ever been so familiar to English Christians as the verses of "*The Christian Year*". Others, some original, more translated, have been more mystical, more impassioned; few have contained profounder thoughts in their depths, few exhibited tenderer colouring upon their surface. Assuredly none is so suitable to the pathos and majestic homeliness of the English Liturgy—the sweet reserve, the quiet, the penitence which is continuous without being unhopeful. Some readers may remember "that loveliest edition of Keble's '*Christian Year*'" of which Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks so wisely and tenderly. He opens it at the "*Fourth Sunday in Lent*", and reads that "*angelic poem*. Such a poem as '*The Rosebud*' makes one's heart a proselyte to the culture it grows from. . . . A man should be a gentleman in his

hymns and prayers; the fondness for 'scenes' . . . contrasts so meanly with that

'God only and good angels look,  
Behind the blissful scene,'—

and that other

'He could not trust his melting soul  
But in his Maker's sight'.<sup>1</sup>

This sweet protest against the unreserved pouring forth of the most sacred secrets of the soul is peculiar to this lovely volume. Passages there are in it whose construction presents difficulties; but hundreds of others which the child may repeat without the painful sense that they are beyond him, and the man without the contemptuous sense that they are below him. When we listen to them or repeat them with congenial spirit, in whatever climate we may be the roses of the English dawn and the gold of the English sunset are in our sky; the blossoms of the English spring are in the glade, or the leaves of the November trees upon the ground. No church may be near us, no copse or lawn within a thousand miles; but there are two sounds which they ever suggest—the roll of

<sup>1</sup> *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, vol. ii. 429.

the organ and the singing of the lark; two gentle sights which they bring before our eyes—the rosebud and the snowdrop, the first the emblem of reverence for the secret between God and our souls, the second of Nature's gentle lesson of confidence in the Providence of God. It is a book of teaching alike for the priest and the layman, for the parent and child, for the penitent and the established Christian, for the rich and poor. Nowhere outside the Gospels does Christ stand more supreme in perfect beauty, more resistless in winning invitation. We have in "*The Christian Year*" a volume of sacred poetry such as no other land possesses. To let it drop from our hands unread, or from our hearts unrealized, would be to combine stupidity with ingratitude. In a world of sorrow human hearts need to be soothed. "*The Christian Year*" is the sweetest note of consolation that English poetry has ever touched.

*WILLIAM ARMAGH.*



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## Morning

His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.  
—Lament. iii. 22, 23.

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,  
That, ere the glorious sun be born,  
By some soft touch invisible  
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,  
That dancest forth at opening day,  
And brushing by with joyous wing,  
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,  
By which deep grove and tangled stream  
Pay, for soft rains in season given,  
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight  
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;  
Who day by day to sin awake,  
Seldom of Heaven and you partake?

## MORNING

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise!  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new!<sup>1</sup>

New every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of Heaven in each we see:  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain  
Untir'd we ask, and ask again,  
Ever, in its melodious store,  
Finding a spell unheard before;

<sup>1</sup> Revelation xxi. 5.

## MORNING

Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all t' espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise!  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
Along Life's dullest dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,  
Our neighbour and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,  
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—  
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect Rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

## Evening

Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.—St. Luke xxiv. 29.

'T is gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,  
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;  
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness  
The traveller on his way must press,  
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,  
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near:  
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When round Thy wondrous works below  
My searching rapturous glance I throw,  
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,  
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

## EVENING

Or by the light Thy words disclose  
Watch Time's full river as it flows,  
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,  
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
And all the flowers of life unfold;  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

• Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live:  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,  
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:  
Amid the howling wintry sea  
We are in port if we have Thee.<sup>1</sup>

The Rulers of this Christian land,  
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—

<sup>1</sup> Then they willingly received Him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.—  
St. John vi. 21.

EVENING

Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,  
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne  
So meekly up the hill of scorn,  
Teach Thou Thy Priests their daily cross  
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store:  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take:  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

## Advent Sunday

Now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—Romans xiii. 11.

Awake—again the Gospel-trump is blown—  
From year to year it swells with louder  
tone,

From year to year the signs of wrath  
Are gathering round the Judge's path,  
Strange words fulfill'd, and mighty works  
achiev'd,  
And truth in all the world both hated and  
believ'd.

Awake! why linger in the gorgeous town,  
Sworn liegemen of the Cross and thorny  
crown?

Up from your beds of sloth for shame,  
Speed to the eastern mount like flame,  
Nor wonder, should ye find your King in  
tears,  
Even with the loud Hosanna ringing in  
His ears.

ADVENT SUNDAY

Alas! no need to rouse them: long ago  
They are gone forth to swell Messiah's  
show:

With glittering robes and garlands sweet  
They strew the ground beneath His feet:  
All but your hearts are there—O doom'd  
to prove

The arrows wing'd in Heaven for Faith  
that will not love!

Meanwhile He paces through th' adoring  
crowd,

Calm as the march of some majestic cloud,  
That o'er wild scenes of ocean-war  
Holds its still course in Heaven afar:  
Even so, heart-searching Lord, as years  
roll on,

Thou keepest silent watch from Thy tri-  
umphal throne;

Even so, the world is thronging round to  
gaze

On the dread vision of the latter days,  
Constrain'd to own Thee, but in heart  
Prepar'd to take Barabbas' part:  
"Hosanna" now, to-morrow "Crucify",  
The changeful burden still of their rude  
lawless cry.

## ADVENT SUNDAY

Yet in that throng of selfish hearts untrue  
Thy sad eye rests upon Thy faithful few,  
Children and childlike souls are there,  
Blind Bartimeus' humble prayer,  
And Lazarus waken'd from his four days'  
sleep,  
Enduring life again, that Passover to keep.

And fast beside the olive-border'd way  
Stands the bless'd home, where Jesus  
deign'd to stay,  
The peaceful home, to Zeal sincere  
And heavenly Contemplation dear,  
Where Martha lov'd to wait with reverence  
meet,  
And wiser Mary linger'd at Thy sacred feet.

Still through decaying ages as they glide,  
Thou lov'st Thy chosen remnant to divide;  
Sprinkled along the waste of years  
Full many a soft green isle appears:  
Pause where we may upon the desert road,  
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe  
abode.

When withering blasts of error swept the  
sky,<sup>1</sup>  
And Love's last flower seem'd fain to  
droop and die,

<sup>1</sup> Arianism in the fourth century.

ADVENT SUNDAY

How sweet, how lone the ray benign  
On shelter'd nooks of Palestine!  
Then to his early home did Love repair,<sup>1</sup>  
And cheer'd his sickening heart with his  
own native air.

Years roll away: again the tide of crime  
Has swept Thy footsteps from the favour'd  
clime.

Where shall the holy Cross find rest?  
On a crown'd monarch's<sup>2</sup> mailed breast:  
Like some bright angel o'er the darkling  
scene,  
Through court and camp he holds his  
heavenward course serene.

A fouler vision yet; an age of light,  
Light without love, glares on the aching  
sight:

O who can tell how calm and sweet,  
Meek Walton! shows thy green retreat,  
When wearied with the tale thy times  
disclose,  
The eye first finds thee out in thy secure  
repose?

<sup>1</sup> See St. Jerome's Works, i. 123, edit. Erasm.

<sup>2</sup> St. Louis in the thirteenth century.

## *ADVENT SUNDAY*

Thus bad and good their several warnings give

Of His approach, whom none may see and live:

Faith's ear, with awful still delight,  
Counts them like minute bells at night,  
Keeping the heart awake till dawn of morn,

While to her funeral pile this aged world is borne.

But what are Heaven's alarms to hearts that cower

In wilful slumber, deepening every hour,  
That draw their curtains closer round,

The nearer swells the trumpet's sound?

Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink down and die,

Touch us with chastening hand, and make us feel Thee nigh.

## Second Sunday in Advent

And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.—St. Luke xxi. 28.

Not till the freezing blast is still,  
Till freely leaps the sparkling rill,  
And gales sweep soft from summer skies,  
As o'er a sleeping infant's eyes  
A mother's kiss; ere calls like these,  
No sunny gleam awakes the trees,  
Nor dare the tender flowerets show  
Their bosoms to th' uncertain glow.

Why then, in sad and wintry time,  
Her heavens all dark with doubt and  
crime,  
Why lifts the Church her drooping head,  
As though her evil hour were fled?  
Is she less wise than leaves of spring,  
Or birds that cower with folded wing?  
What sees she in this lowering sky  
To tempt her meditative eye?

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

She has a charm, a word of fire,  
A pledge of love that cannot tire;  
By tempests, earthquakes, and by wars,  
By rushing waves and falling stars,  
By every sign her Lord foretold,  
She sees the world is waxing old,<sup>1</sup>  
And through that last and direst storm  
Descries by faith her Saviour's form.

Not surer does each tender gem,  
Set in the fig-tree's polish'd stem,  
Foreshow the summer season bland,  
Than these dread signs Thy mighty hand:  
But oh! frail hearts, and spirits dark!  
The season's flight unwarn'd we mark,  
But miss the Judge behind the door,<sup>2</sup>  
For all the light of sacred lore:

Yet is He there: beneath our eaves  
Each sound His wakeful ear receives:  
Hush, idle words, and thoughts of ill,  
Your Lord is listening: peace, be still.<sup>3</sup>  
Christ watches by a Christian's hearth,  
Be silent, "vain deluding mirth",  
Till in thine alter'd voice be known  
Somewhat of Resignation's tone.

<sup>1</sup> The world hath lost his youth, and the times begin to wax old.—<sup>2</sup> Esdras xiv. 10.      <sup>2</sup> See St. James v. 9.

<sup>3</sup> Ita fabulantur, ut qui sciant Dominum audire.—*Tertull. Apolog.*, p. 36, edit. Rigalt.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

But chiefly ye should lift your gaze  
Above the world's uncertain haze,  
And look with calm unwavering eye  
On the bright fields beyond the sky,  
Ye, who your Lord's commission bear,  
His way of mercy to prepare:  
Angels He calls ye: be your strife  
To lead on earth an Angel's life.

Think not of rest; though dreams be  
sweet,  
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet.  
Is not God's oath upon your head,  
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,  
Never again your loins untie,  
Nor let your torches waste and die,  
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,  
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?

### Third Sunday in Advent

What went ye out into the wilderness to see? a reed shaken with the wind? . . . But what went ye out for to see? a prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet:—St. Matthew xi. 7, 9.

What went ye out to see  
O'er the rude sandy lea,  
Where stately Jordan flows by many a  
palm,  
Or where Gennesaret's wave  
Delights the flowers to lave,  
That o'er her western slope breathe airs  
of balm?

All through the summer night,  
Those blossoms red and bright<sup>1</sup>  
Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to  
the breeze,  
Like hermits watching still  
Around the sacred hill,  
Where erst our Saviour watch'd upon His  
knees.

<sup>1</sup> Rhododendrons: with which the western bank of the lake is said to be clothed down to the water's edge.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT<sup>3</sup>

The Paschal moon above  
Seems like a saint to rove,  
Left shining in the world with Christ  
alone;  
Below, the lake's still face  
Sleeps sweetly in th' embrace  
Of mountains terrass'd high with mossy  
stone.

Here may we sit, and dream  
Over the heavenly theme,  
Till to our soul the former days return;  
Till on the grassy bed,  
Where thousands once He fed,  
The world's incarnate Maker we discern.

O cross no more the main,  
Wandering so wild and vain,  
To count the reeds that tremble in the  
wind,  
On listless dalliance bound,  
Like children gazing round,  
Who on God's works no seal of Godhead  
find:

Bask not in courtly bower,  
Or sun-bright hall of power,  
Pass Babel quick, and seek the holy  
land—

*THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT*

From robes of Tyrian dye  
Turn with undazzled eye  
To Bethlehem's glade, or Carmel's haunted  
strand.

Or choose thee out a cell  
In Kedron's storied dell,  
Beside the springs of Love, that never  
die;  
Among the olives kneel  
The chill night-blast to feel,  
And watch the Moon that saw Thy  
Master's agony.

Then rise at dawn of day,  
And wind thy thoughtful way,  
Where rested once the Temple's stately  
shade,  
With due feet tracing round  
The city's northern bound,  
To th' other holy garden, where the Lord  
was laid.

Who thus alternate see  
His death and victory,  
Rising and falling as on angel wings,  
They, while they seem to roam,  
Draw daily nearer home,  
Their heart untravell'd still adores the  
King of kings.

*THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT*

Or, if at home they stay,  
Yet are they, day by day,  
In spirit journeying through the glorious  
land,  
Not for light Fancy's reed,  
Nor Honour's purple meed,  
Nor gifted Prophet's lore, nor Science'  
wondrous wand.

But more than Prophet, more  
Than Angels can adore  
With face unveil'd, is He they go to seek:  
Blessed be God, Whose grace  
Shows Him in every place  
To homeliest hearts of pilgrims pure and  
meek.

## Fourth Sunday in Advent

The eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken.—Isaiah xxxii. 3.

Of the bright things in earth and air  
How little can the heart embrace!  
Soft shades and gleaming lights are there—  
I know it well, but cannot trace.

Mine eye unworthy seems to read  
One page of Nature's beauteous book;  
It lies before me, fair outspread—  
I only cast a wishful look.

I cannot paint to Memory's eye  
The scene, the glance, I dearest love—  
Unchang'd themselves, in me they die,  
Or faint, or false, their shadows prove.

In vain, with dull and tuneless ear,  
I linger by soft Music's cell,  
And in my heart of hearts would hear  
What to her own she deigns to tell.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

'Tis misty all, both sight and sound—

I only know 'tis fair and sweet—

'Tis wandering on enchanted ground

With dizzy brow and tottering feet.

But patience! there may come a time

When these dull ears shall scan aright  
Strains, that outring Earth's drowsy chime,

As Heaven outshines the taper's light.

These eyes, that dazzled now and weak,

At glancing motes in sunshine wink,  
Shall see the King's<sup>1</sup> full glory break,

Nor from the blissful vision shrink:

In fearless love and hope uncloy'd

For ever on that ocean bright

Empower'd to gaze; and undestroy'd,  
Deeper and deeper plunge in light.

Though scarcely now their laggard glance

Reach to an arrow's flight, that day  
They shall behold, and not in trance,

The region "very far away".

If Memory sometimes at our spell

Refuse to speak, or speak amiss,

We shall not need her where we dwell  
Ever in sight of all our bliss.

<sup>1</sup> Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.—Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

*FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT*

Meanwhile, if over sea or sky  
Some tender lights unnotic'd fleet,  
Or on lov'd features dawn and die,  
Unread, to us, their lesson sweet;

Yet are there saddening sights around,  
Which Heaven, in mercy, spares us too,  
And we see far in holy ground,  
If duly purg'd our mental view.

The distant landscape draws not nigh  
For all our gazing; but the soul,  
That upward looks, may still descry  
Nearer, each day, the brightening goal.

And thou, too curious ear, that fain  
Wouldest thread the maze of Harmony,  
Content thee with one simple strain,  
The lowlier, sure, the worthier thee;

Till thou art duly trained, and taught  
The concord sweet of Love divine:  
Then, with that inward Music fraught,  
For ever rise, and sing, and shine.

## Christmas Day

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God.—St. Luke ii. 13.

What sudden blaze of song  
Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heav'n?  
In waves of light it thrills along,  
Th' angelic signal given—  
“Glory to God!” from yonder central fire  
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry  
quire;

Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue river,  
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
Is echoed on for ever:  
“Glory to God on high, on earth be  
peace,  
And love towards men of love<sup>1</sup>—salvation  
and release.”

<sup>1</sup> I have ventured to adopt the reading of the Vulgate, as being generally known through Pergolesi's beautiful composition, “Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax *hominibus bona voluntatis*”.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

Yet stay, before thou dare  
To join that festal throng;  
Listen and mark what gentle air  
First stirr'd the tide of song;  
'T is not, "the Saviour born in David's  
home,  
To whom for power and health obedient  
worlds should come":—

'T is not, "the Christ the Lord":—  
With fix'd adoring look  
The choir of Angels caught the word,  
Nor yet their silence broke:  
But when they heard the sign, where  
Christ should be,  
In sudden light they shone and heavenly  
harmony.

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands,  
And in His manger laid,  
The Hope and Glory of all lands  
Is come to the world's aid:  
No peaceful home upon His cradle smil'd,  
Guests rudely went and came, where slept  
the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,  
No other thought should be,  
Once duly welcomed and ador'd,  
How should I part with Thee?

*CHRISTMAS DAY*

Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but  
Thou wilt grace  
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-  
place.

Thee, on the bosom laid  
Of a pure virgin mind,  
In quiet ever, and in shade,  
Shepherd and sage may find;  
They, who have bow'd untaught to  
Nature's sway,  
And they, who follow Truth along her  
star-pav'd way.

The pastoral spirits first  
Approach Thee, Babe divine,  
For they in lowly thoughts are nurs'd,  
Meet for Thy lowly shrine:  
Sooner than they should miss where  
Thou dost dwell,  
Angels from Heaven will stoop to guide  
them to Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round  
For Thee to be reveal'd,  
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,  
Abiding in the field.  
All through the wintry heaven and chill  
night air,  
In music and in light thou dawnest on  
their prayer.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

O faint not ye for fear—  
What though your wandering  
sheep,  
Reckless of what they see and hear,  
Lie lost in wilful sleep?  
High Heaven in mercy to your sad  
annoy  
Still greets you with glad tidings of  
immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal honie,  
The Saviour left for you;  
Think on the Lord most holy, come  
To dwell with hearts untrue:  
So shall ye tread untir'd His pastoral  
ways,  
And in the darkness sing your carol of  
high praise.

## St. Stephen's Day

He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.—Acts vii. 55.

As rays around the source of light  
Stream upward ere he glow in sight,  
And watching by his future flight  
    Set the clear heavens on fire;  
So on the King of Martyrs wait  
Three chosen bands, in royal state,<sup>1</sup>  
And all earth owns, of good and great,  
    Is gather'd in that choir.

One presses on, and welcomes death:  
One calmly yields his willing breath,  
Nor slow, nor hurrying, but in faith  
    Content to die or live:

<sup>1</sup> Wheatly on the Common Prayer, c. v. sect. iv. 2. "As there are three kinds of martyrdom, the first both in will and deed, which is the highest; the second in will but not in deed; the third in deed but not in will; so the Church commemorates these martyrs in the same order: St. Stephen first, who suffered death both in will and deed; St. John the Evangelist next, who suffered martyrdom in will but not in deed; the holy Innocents last, who suffered in deed but not in will."

## ST. STEPHEN'S DAY

And some, the darlings of their Lord,  
Play smiling with the flame and sword,  
And, ere they speak, to His sure word  
Unconscious witness give.

Foremost and nearest to His throne,  
By perfect robes of triumph known,  
And likest Him in look and tone,  
    The holy Stephen kneels,  
With stedfast gaze, as when the sky  
Flew open to his fainting eye,  
Which, like a fading lamp, flash'd high,  
    Seeing what death conceals.

Well might you guess what vision bright  
Was present to his raptur'd sight,  
Even as reflected streams of light  
    Their solar source betray—  
The glory which our GOD surrounds,  
The Son of Man, th' atoning wounds—  
He sees them all; and earth's dull bounds  
    Are melting fast away.

He sees them all—no other view  
Could stamp the Saviour's likeness true,  
Or with His love so deep embrue  
    Man's sullen heart and gross—  
“Jesu, do Thou my soul receive:  
Jesu, do Thou my foes forgive”:  
He who would learn that prayer, must live  
    Under the holy Cross.

## ST. STEPHEN'S DAY

He, though he seem on earth to move,  
Must glide in air like gentle dove,  
From yon unclouded depths above  
    Must draw his purer breath;  
Till men behold his angel face  
All radiant with celestial grace,<sup>1</sup>  
Martyr all o'er, and meet to trace  
    The lines of Jesus' death.

<sup>1</sup> And all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him,  
saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.—Acts vi. 15.

## St. John's Day

Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou Me.—St. John xxi. 21, 22.

“Lord, and what shall this man do?”  
Ask’st thou, Christian, for thy friend?  
If his love for Christ be true,  
Christ hath told thee of his end:  
This is he whom God approves,  
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,  
Leave it in his Saviour’s breast,  
Whether, early call’d to bliss,  
He in youth shall find his rest,  
Or armed in his station wait  
Till his Lord be at the gate:

Whether in his lonely course  
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,  
Or with Love’s supporting force  
Cheat the toil and cheer the way:

## ST. JOHN'S DAY

Leave it all in His high hand,  
Who doth hearts as streams command.<sup>1</sup>

Gales from Heaven, if so He will,  
Sweeter melodies can wake  
On the lonely mountain rill  
Than the meeting waters make.  
Who hath the Father and the Son,  
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,  
Wealthy, or despis'd and poor—  
What is that to him or thee,  
So his love to Christ endure?  
When the shore is won at last,  
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink  
At the touch of natural grief,  
When our earthly lov'd ones sink,  
Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;  
Patient hearts, their pain to see,  
And Thy grace, to follow Thee.

<sup>1</sup> The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: He turneth it whithersoever He will.—Proverbs xxi. 1.

## The Holy Innocents

These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.—Rev. xiv. 4.

Say, ye celestial guards, who wait  
In Bethlehem, round the Saviour's palace  
gate,

Say, who are these on golden wings,  
That hover o'er the new-born King of  
kings,

Their palms and garlands telling plain,  
That they are of the glorious martyr train,

Next to yourselves ordain'd to praise  
His Name, and brighten as on Him they  
gaze?

But where their spoils and trophies?  
where

The glorious dint a martyr's shield should  
bear?

How chance no cheek among them wears  
The deep-worn trace of penitential tears,

But all is bright and smiling love,  
As if, fresh-borne from Eden's happy grove,

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

They had flown here, their King to see,  
Nor ever had been heirs of dark mortality?

Ask, and some angel will reply,  
"These, like yourselves, were born to sin  
and die,

But ere the poison root was grown,  
God set His seal, and mark'd them for  
His own.

Baptiz'd in blood for Jesus' sake,  
Now underneath the Cross their bed they  
make,

Not to be scar'd from that sure rest  
By frighten'd mother's shriek, or warrior's  
waving crest."

Mindful of these, the first-fruits sweet  
Borne by the suffering Church her Lord  
to greet;

Bless'd Jesus ever lov'd to trace  
The "innocent brightness" of an infant's  
face.

He rais'd them in His holy arms,  
He bless'd them from the world and all  
its harms:

Heirs though they were of sin and  
shame,  
He bless'd them in His own and in His  
Father's Name.

## THE HOLY INNOCENTS

Then, as each fond unconscious child  
On th' everlasting Parent sweetly smil'd,  
(Like infants sporting on the shore,  
That tremble not at Ocean's boundless  
roar,)

Were they not present to Thy thought,  
All souls, that in their cradles Thou hast  
bought?

But chiefly these, who died for Thee,  
That Thou might'st live for them a sadder  
death to see.

And next to these, Thy gracious word  
Was as a pledge of benediction, stor'd  
For Christian mothers, while they moan  
Their treasur'd hopes, just born, baptiz'd,  
and gone.

Oh, joy for Rachel's broken heart!  
She and her babes shall meet no more to  
part;

So dear to Christ her pious haste  
To trust them in His arms, for ever safe  
embrac'd.

She dares not grudge to leave them there,  
Where to behold them was her heart's first  
prayer,

She dares not grieve—but she must weep,  
As her pale placid martyr sinks to sleep,

*THE HOLY INNOCENTS*

Teaching so well and silently  
How, at the shepherd's call, the lamb  
should die:

How happier far than life the end  
Of souls that infant-like beneath their  
burthen bend.

## First Sunday after Christmas

So the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down.—Isaiah xxxviii. 8. Compare Josh. x. 13.

'T is true, of old th' unchanging sun  
His daily course refus'd to run,  
The pale moon hurrying to the west  
Paus'd at a mortal's call, to aid  
Th' avenging storm of war, that laid  
Seven guilty realms at once on earth's  
defiled breast.

But can it be, one suppliant tear  
Should stay the ever-moving sphere?  
A sick man's lowly breathed sigh,  
When from the world he turns away,<sup>1</sup>  
And hides his weary eyes to pray,  
Should change your mystic dance, ye  
wanderers of the sky?

<sup>1</sup> Then Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed unto the Lord.—Isaiah xxxviii. 2.

## FIRST SUNDAY

We too, O Lord, would fain command,  
As then, Thy wonder-working hand,  
    And backward force the waves of Time,  
That now so swift and silent bear  
    Our restless bark from year to year;  
Help us to pause and mourn to Thee  
    our tale of crime.

Bright hopes, that erst the bosom  
    warm'd,  
And vows, too pure to be perform'd,  
    And prayers blown wide by gales of  
        care;—  
These, and such faint half-waking  
    dreams,  
Like stormy lights on mountain  
    streams,  
Wavering and broken all, athwart the  
    conscience glare.

How shall we 'scape th' o'erwhelming  
    Past?  
Can spirits broken, joys o'ercast,  
    And eyes that never more may  
        smile;—  
Can these th' avenging bolt delay,  
    Or win us back one little day  
The bitterness of death to soften and  
    beguile?

## AFTER CHRISTMAS

Father and Lover of our souls!  
Though darkly round Thine anger rolls,  
Thy sunshine smiles beneath the  
gloom,  
Thou seek'st to warn us, not confound,  
Thy showers would pierce the harden'd  
ground,  
And win it to give out its brightness and  
perfume.

Thou smil'st on us in wrath, and we,  
Even in remorse, would smile on Thee;  
The tears that bathe our offer'd  
hearts,  
We would not have them stain'd and  
dim,  
But dropp'd from wings of seraphim,  
All glowing with the light accepted Love  
imparts.

Time's waters will not ebb, nor stay,  
Power cannot change them, but Love  
may;  
What cannot be, Love counts it done.  
Deep in the heart, her searching view  
Can read where Faith is fix'd and true,  
Through shades of setting life can see  
Heaven's work begun.

*FIRST AFTER CHRISTMAS*

O Thou, who keep'st the Key of Love,  
Open Thy fount, eternal Dove,  
And overflow this heart of mine,  
Enlarging as it fills with Thee,  
Till in one blaze of charity  
Care and remorse are lost, like motes in  
light divine;

Till as each moment wafts us higher,  
By every gush of pure desire,  
And high-breath'd hope of joys above,  
By every sacred sigh we heave,  
Whole years of folly we outlive,  
In His unerring sight, who measures  
Life by Love.

## The Circumcision of Christ



In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision  
made without hands.—Coloss. ii. 11.

The year begins with Thee,  
And Thou beginn'st with woe,  
To let the world of sinners see  
That blood for sin must flow.

Thine infant cries, O Lord,  
Thy tears upon the breast,  
Are not enough—the legal sword  
Must do its stern behest.

Like sacrificial wine  
Pour'd on a victim's head  
Are those few precious drops of Thine,  
Now first to offering led.

They are the pledge and seal  
Of Christ's unswerving faith  
Given to His Sire, our souls to heal,  
Although it cost His death.

## THE CIRCUMCISION

They to His Church of old,  
To each true Jewish heart,  
In Gospel graces manifold  
Communion blest impart.

Now of Thy love we deem  
As of an ocean vast,  
Mounting in tides against the stream  
Of ages gone and past.

Both theirs and ours Thou art,  
As we and they are Thine;  
Kings, Prophets, Patriarchs—all have part  
Along the sacred line.

By blood and water too  
God's mark is set on Thee,  
That in Thee every faithful view  
Both covenants might see.

O bond of union, dear  
And strong as is Thy grace!  
Saints, parted by a thousand year,  
May thus in heart embrace.

Is there a mourner true,  
Who fallen on faithless days,  
Sighs for the heart-consoling view  
Of those, Heaven deign'd to praise?

In spirit mayst thou meet  
With faithful Abraham here,

*OF CHRIST*

Whom soon in Eden thou shalt greet  
A nursing Father dear.

Wouldst thou a poet be?  
And would thy dull heart fain  
Borrow of Israel's minstrelsy  
One high enraptur'd strain?

Come here thy soul to tune,  
Here set thy feeble chant,  
Here, if at all beneath the moon,  
Is holy David's haunt.

Art thou a child of tears,  
Cradled in care and woe?  
And seems it hard, thy vernal years  
Few vernal joys can show?

And fall the sounds of mirth  
Sad on thy lonely heart,  
From all the hopes and charms of earth  
Untimely call'd to part?

Look here, and hold thy peace:  
The Giver of all good  
Even from the womb takes no release  
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou wouldst reap in love,  
First sow in holy fear:  
So life a winter's morn may prove  
To a bright endless year.

## Second Sunday after Christmas

When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none,  
and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them,  
I the God of Israel will not forsake them.—Isaiah xli. 7.

And wilt Thou hear the fever'd heart  
To Thee in silence cry?  
And as th' inconstant wildfires dart  
Out of the restless eye,  
Wilt Thou forgive the wayward thought,  
By kindly woes yet half untaught  
A Saviour's right, so dearly bought,  
That Hope should never die?

Thou wilt: for many a languid prayer  
Has reach'd Thee from the wild,  
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,  
Cast down her fainting child,<sup>1</sup>  
Then stole apart to weep and die,  
Nor knew an Angel form was nigh,  
To show soft waters gushing by  
And dewy shadows mild.

<sup>1</sup> Hagar. See Genesis xxi. 15.

SECOND AFTER CHRISTMAS

Thou wilt: for Thou art Israel's God,  
And Thine unwearyed arm  
Is ready yet with Moses' rod,  
The hidden rill to charm  
Out of the dry unfathom'd deep  
Of sands, that lie in lifeless sleep,  
Save when the scorching whirlwinds heap  
Their waves in rude alarm.

These moments of wild wrath are Thine—  
Thine too the drearier hour  
When o'er th' horizon's silent line  
Fond hopeless fancies cower,  
And on the traveller's listless way  
Rises and sets th' unchanging day,  
No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,  
On earth no sheltering bower.

Thou wilt be there, and not forsake,  
To turn the bitter pool  
Into a bright and breezy lake,  
The throbbing brow to cool:  
Till left awhile with Thee alone  
The wilful heart be fain to own  
That He, by whom our bright hours  
shone,  
Our darkness best may rule.

The scent of water far away  
Upon the breeze is flung:

SECOND AFTER CHRISTMAS

The desert pelican to-day  
Securely leaves her young,  
Reproving thankless man, who fears  
To journey on a few lone years,  
Where on the sand Thy step appears,  
Thy crown in sight is hung.

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well  
The weary hour of noon,<sup>1</sup>  
The languid pulses Thou canst tell,  
The nerveless spirit tune.  
Thou from Whose cross in anguish burst  
The cry that own'd Thy dying thirst,<sup>2</sup>  
To Thee we turn, our Last and First,  
Our Sun and soothing Moon.

From darkness, here, and dreariness  
We ask not full repose,  
Only be Thou at hand, to bless  
Our trial hour of woes.  
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid  
By the clear rill and palmy shade?  
And see we not, up Earth's dark glade,  
The gate of Heaven unclose?

<sup>1</sup> St. John iv. 6.

<sup>2</sup> St. John xix. 28.

## The Epiphany



And, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—St. Matthew ii. 9, 10.

Star of the East, how sweet art Thou,  
Seen in life's early morning sky,  
Ere yet a cloud has dimm'd the brow,  
While yet we gaze with childish eye;

When father, mother, nursing friend,  
Most dearly lov'd, and loving best,  
First bid us from their arms ascend,  
Pointing to Thee in Thy sure rest.

Too soon the glare of earthly day  
Buries, to us, Thy brightness keen,  
And we are left to find our way  
By faith and hope in Thee unseen.

What matter? if the waymarks sure  
On every side are round us set,  
Soon overleap'd, but not obscure?  
'T is ours to mark them or forget.

## THE EPIPHANY

What matter? if in calm old age  
Our childhood's star again arise,  
Crowning our lonely pilgrimage  
With all that cheers a wanderer's eyes?

Ne'er may we lose it from our sight,  
Till all our hopes and thoughts are led  
To where it stays its lucid flight  
Over our Saviour's lowly bed.

There, swath'd in humblest poverty,  
On Chastity's meek lap enshrin'd,  
With breathless Reverence waiting by,  
When we our Sovereign Master find,

Will not the long-forgotten glow  
Of mingled joy and awe return,  
When stars above or flowers below  
First made our infant spirits burn?

Look on us, Lord, and take our parts  
Even on Thy throne of purity!  
From these our proud yet grovelling hearts  
Hide not Thy mild forgiving eye.

Did not the Gentile Church find grace,  
Our mother dear, this favour'd day?  
With gold and myrrh she sought Thy face,  
Nor didst Thou turn Thy face away.

## THE EPIPHANY

She too,<sup>1</sup> in earlier, purer days,  
Had watch'd Thee gleaming faint and  
far—

But wandering in self-chosen ways  
She lost Thee quite, Thou lovely star.

Yet had her Father's finger turn'd  
To Thee her first enquiring glance:  
The deeper shame within her burn'd,  
When waken'd from her wilful trance.

Behold, her wisest throng Thy gate,  
Their richest, sweetest, purest store,  
(Yet own'd too worthless and too late,)  
They lavish on Thy cottage-floor.

They give their best—O tenfold shame  
On us their fallen progeny,  
Who sacrifice the blind and lame—<sup>2</sup>  
Who will not wake or fast with Thee!

<sup>1</sup> The Patriarchal Church.

<sup>2</sup> Malachi i. 8.

## First Sunday after Epiphany

They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by  
the water courses.—Isaiah xliv. 4.

Lessons sweet of spring returning,  
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!  
May I call ye sense or learning,  
Instinct pure, or Heaven-taught art?  
Be your title what it may,  
Sweet the lengthening April day,  
While with you the soul is free,  
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,  
To the inward ear devout,  
Touch'd by light, with heavenly warning  
Your transporting chords ring out.  
Every leaf in every nook,  
Every wave in every brook,  
Chanting with a solemn voice,  
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,  
Winding shore or deepening glen,

## *FIRST AFTER EPIPHANY*

Where the landscape in its glory  
Teaches truth to wandering men:  
Give true hearts but earth and sky,  
And some flowers to bloom and die,—  
Homely scenes and simple views  
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing  
Where the waters gently pass,  
Every way her free arms flinging  
O'er the moist and reedy grass.  
Long ere winter blasts are fled,  
See her tipp'd with vernal red,  
And her kindly flower display'd  
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,  
Patiently she droops awhile,  
But when showers and breezes hail her,  
Wears again her willing smile.  
Thus I learn Contentment's power  
From the slighted willow bower,  
Ready to give thanks and live  
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,  
Up the stony vale I wind,  
Haply half in fancy grieving  
For the shades I leave behind,

*FIRST AFTER EPIPHANY*

By the dusty wayside drear,  
Nightingales with joyous cheer  
Sing, my sadness to reprove,  
Gladlier than in cultur'd grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining  
    Of the greenest darkest tree,  
There they plunge, the light declining—  
    All may hear, but none may see.  
Fearless of the passing hoof,  
Hardly will they fleet aloof;  
So they live in modest ways,  
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

## Second Sunday after Epiphany

Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine;  
and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse;  
but thou hast kept the good wine until now.—St. John ii. 10.

The heart of childhood is all mirth:  
We frolic to and fro  
As free and blithe, as if on earth  
Were no such thing as woe.

But if indeed with reckless faith  
We trust the flattering voice,  
Which whispers, “Take thy fill ere death,  
Indulge thee and rejoice”;

Too surely, every setting day,  
Some lost delight we mourn,  
The flowers all die along our way,  
Till we, too, die forlorn.

Such is the world's gay garish feast,  
In her first charming bowl  
Infusing all that fires the breast,  
And cheats th' unstable soul.

SECOND SUNDAY

And still, as loud the revel swells,  
The fever'd pulse beats higher,  
Till the sear'd taste from foulest wells  
Is fain to slake its fire.

Unlike the feast of heavenly love  
Spread at the Saviour's word  
For souls that hear His call, and prove  
Meet for His bridal board.

Why should we fear, youth's draught of  
joy,  
If pure, would sparkle less?  
Why should the cup the sooner cloy,  
Which God hath deign'd to bless?

For, is it Hope, that thrills so keen  
Along each bounding vein,  
Still whispering glorious things unseen?—  
Faith makes the vision plain.

The world would kill her soon: but Faith  
Her daring dreams will cherish,  
Speeding her gaze o'er time and death  
To realms where nought can perish.

Or is it Love, the dear delight  
Of hearts that know no guile,  
That all around see all things bright  
With their own magic smile?

## AFTER EPIPHANY

The silent joy, that sinks so deep,  
Of confidence and rest,  
Lull'd in a father's arms to sleep,  
Clasp'd to a mother's breast?

Who, but a Christian, through all life  
That blessing may prolong?  
Who, through the world's sad day of strife,  
Still chant his morning song?

Fathers may hate us or forsake,  
God's foundlings then are we:  
Mother on child no pity take,<sup>2</sup>  
But we shall still have Thee.

We may look home, and seek in vain  
A fond fraternal heart,  
But Christ hath given His promise plain  
To do a Brother's part.

Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say,  
The heavenward flame annoy:  
The Saviour cannot pass away,  
And with Him lives our joy.

Ever the richest tenderest glow  
Sets round th' autumnal sun—

<sup>1</sup> Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.—Isaiah xlix. 15.

*SECOND AFTER EPIPHANY*

But there sight fails: no heart may know  
The bliss when life is done.

Such is Thy banquet, dearest Lord;  
O give us grace, to cast  
Our lot with Thine, to trust Thy word,  
And keep our best till last.

### Third Sunday after Epiphany

When Jesus heard it, He marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.—St. Matthew viii. 10.

I mark'd a rainbow in the north,  
What time the wild autumnal sun  
From his dark veil at noon look'd forth,  
As glorying in his course half done,  
Flinging soft radiance far and wide  
Over the dusky heaven and bleak hill-side.

It was a gleam to Memory dear,  
And as I walk and muse apart,  
When all seems faithless round and drear,  
I would revive it in my heart,  
And watch how light can find its way  
To regions farthest from the fount of day.

Light flashes in the gloomiest sky,  
And Music in the dullest plain,  
For there the lark is soaring high  
Over her flat and leafless reign,  
And chanting in so blithe a tone,  
It shames the weary heart to feel itself alone.

THIRD SUNDAY

Brighter than rainbow in the north,  
More cheery than the matin lark,  
Is the soft gleam of Christian worth,  
Which on some holy house we mark;  
Dear to the pastor's aching heart  
To think, where'er he looks, such gleam  
may have a part;

May dwell, unseen by all but Heaven,  
Like diamond blazing in the mine;  
For ever, where such grace is given,  
It fears in open day to shine.<sup>1</sup>  
Lest the deep stain it owns within  
Break out, and Faith be sham'd by the  
believer's sin.

In silence and afar they wait,  
To find a prayer their Lord may hear:  
Voice of the poor and desolate,

<sup>1</sup> Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest enter under my roof.—St. Luke vii. 6.

“From the first time that the impressions of religion settled deeply in his mind, he used great caution to conceal it; not only in obedience to the rule given by our Saviour, of fasting, praying, and giving alms in secret, but from a particular distrust he had of himself; for he said he was afraid he should at some time or other do some enormous thing, which, if he were looked on as a very religious man, might cast a reproach on the profession of it, and give great advantages to impious men to blaspheme the name of God.”—Burnet’s *Life of Hale*, in Wordsworth’s *Eccl. Biog.*, vi. 73.

## AFTER EPIPHANY

You best may bring it to His ear.  
Your grateful intercessions rise  
With more than royal pomp, and pierce  
the skies.

Happy the soul, whose precious cause  
You in the Sovereign Presence plead—  
“This is the lover of Thy laws,<sup>1</sup>  
The friend of Thine in fear and  
need”—  
For to the poor Thy mercy lends  
That solemn style “Thy nation and Thy  
friends”.

He too is blest, whose outward eye  
The graceful lines of art may trace,  
While his free spirit, soaring high,  
Discerns the glorious from the base;  
Till out of dust his magic raise<sup>2</sup>  
A home for prayer and love, and full  
harmonious praise,

Where far away and high above,  
In maze on maze the tranced sight  
Strays, mindful of that heavenly love  
Which knows no end in depth or  
height,

<sup>1</sup> He loveth our nation.—St. Luke vii. 5.

<sup>2</sup> He hath built us a synagogue.—*Ibid.*

THIRD AFTER EPIPHANY

While the strong breath of Music seems  
To waft us ever on, soaring in blissful  
dreams.

What though in poor and humble guise  
Thou here didst sojourn, cottage-born?  
Yet from Thy glory in the skies  
Our earthly gold Thou dost not scorn.  
For Love delights to bring her best,  
And where Love is, that offering evermore  
is blest.

Love on the Saviour's dying head  
Her spikenard drops unblam'd may  
pour,  
May mount His cross, and wrap Him  
dead  
In spices from the golden shore;<sup>1</sup>  
Risen, may embalm His sacred name  
With all a Painter's art, and all a Minstrel's  
flame.

Worthless and lost our offerings seem,  
Drops in the ocean of His praise;  
But Mercy with her genial beam  
Is ripening them to pearly blaze,  
To sparkle in His crown above,  
Who welcomes here a child's as there an  
angel's love.

<sup>1</sup> St. John xii. 7; xix. 40.

## Fourth Sunday after Epiphany

When they saw Him, they besought Him that He would depart out of their coasts.—St. Matthew viii. 34.

They know th' Almighty's power,  
Who, waken'd by the rushing midnight  
shower,  
Watch for the fitful breeze  
To howl and chafe amid the bending  
trees,  
Watch for the still white gleam  
To bathe the landscape in a fiery stream,  
Touching the tremulous eye with sense  
of light  
Too rapid and too pure for all but angel  
sight.

They know th' Almighty's love,  
Who, when the whirlwinds rock the  
topmost grove,  
Stand in the shade, and hear  
The tumult with a deep exulting fear,

#### FOURTH SUNDAY

How, in their fiercest sway,  
Curb'd by some power unseen, they die  
away,  
Like a bold steed that owns his rider's  
arm,  
Proud to be check'd and sooth'd by that  
o'ermastering charm.

But there are storms within  
That heave the struggling heart with  
wilder din,  
And there is power and love  
The maniac's rushing frenzy to reprove,  
And when he takes his seat,  
Cloth'd and in calmness, at his Saviour's  
feet,<sup>1</sup>  
Is not the power as strange, the love  
as blest,  
As when He said, Be still, and ocean  
sank to rest?

Woe to the wayward heart,  
That gladlier turns to eye the shuddering  
start.  
Of Passion in her might,  
Than marks the silent growth of grace  
and light;—

<sup>1</sup> St. Mark v. 15; iv. 39.

### *AFTER EPIPHANY*

Pleas'd in the cheerless tomb  
To linger, while the morning rays illume  
Green lake, and cedar tuft, and spicy  
glade,  
Shaking their dewy tresses now the storm  
is laid.

The storm is laid—and now  
In His meek power He climbs the  
mountain's brow,  
Who bade the waves go sleep,  
And lash'd the vex'd fiends to their  
yawning deep.  
How on a rock they stand,  
Who watch His eye, and hold His  
guiding hand!  
Not half so fix'd, amid her vassal hills,  
Rises the holy pile that Kedron's valley  
fills.

And wilt thou seek again  
Thy howling waste, thy charnel-house  
and chain,  
And with the demons be,  
Rather than clasp thine own Deliverer's  
knee?  
Sure 'tis no Heaven-bred awe  
That bids thee from His healing touch  
withdraw;

*FOURTH AFTER EPIPHANY*

The world and He are struggling in  
thine heart,  
And in thy reckless mood thou bidd'st  
thy Lord depart.

He, merciful and mild,  
As erst, beholding, loves His wayward  
child;  
When souls of highest birth  
Waste their impassion'd might on dreams  
of earth,  
He opens Nature's book,  
And on His glorious Gospel bids them  
look,  
Till by such chords, as rule the choirs  
above,  
Their lawless cries are tun'd to hymns of  
perfect love.

## Fifth Sunday after Epiphany

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God.—  
Isaiah ix. 1, 2.

“Wake, arm divine! awake,  
Eye of the only Wise!  
Now for Thy glory's sake,  
Saviour and God, arise,  
And may Thine ear, that sealed seems,  
In pity mark our mournful themes!”

Thus in her lonely hour  
Thy Church is fain to cry,  
As if Thy love and power  
Were vanish'd from her sky;  
Yet God is there, and at His side  
He triumphs, Who for sinners died.

Ah! 'tis the world enthralls  
The Heaven-betrothed breast:  
The traitor Sense recalls  
The soaring soul from rest.

## FIFTH SUNDAY

That bitter sigh was all for earth,  
For glories gone, and vanish'd mirth.

Age would to youth return,  
Farther from Heaven would be,  
To feel the wildfire burn,  
On idolizing knee

Again to fall, and rob Thy shrine  
Of hearts, the right of love divine.

Lord of this erring flock !  
Thou whose soft showers distil  
On ocean waste or rock,  
Free as on Hermon hill,  
Do Thou our craven spirits cheer,  
And shame away the selfish tear.

’Twas silent all and dead<sup>1</sup>  
Beside the barren sea,  
Where Philip’s steps were led,  
Led by a voice from Thee—  
He rose and went, nor ask’d Thee why,  
Nor stayed to heave one faithless sigh:

Upon his lonely way  
The high-born traveller came,  
Reading a mournful lay  
Of “One who bore our shame,”<sup>2</sup>  
Silent Himself, His name untold,  
And yet His glories were of old”.

<sup>1</sup> See Acts viii. 26-40.

<sup>2</sup> Isaiah lii. 6-8.

## AFTER EPIPHANY

To muse what Heaven might mean  
His wondering brow he rais'd,  
And met an eye serene  
That on him watchful gaz'd.  
No Hermit e'er so welcome cross'd  
A child's lone path in woodland lost.

Now wonder turns to love;  
The scrolls of sacred lore  
No darksome mazes prove;  
The desert tires no more:  
They bathe where holy waters flow,  
Then on their way rejoicing go.

They part to meet in Heaven;  
But of the joy they share,  
Absolving and forgiven,  
The sweet remembrance bear.  
Yes—mark him well, ye cold and proud,  
Bewilder'd in a heartless crowd,

Starting and turning pale  
At Rumour's angry din—  
No storm can now assail  
The charm he wears within,  
Rejoicing still, and doing good,  
And with the thought of God imbu'd.

No glare of high estate,  
No gloom of woe or want,

*FIFTH AFTER EPIPHANY*

The radiance can abate  
Where Heaven delights to haunt:  
Sin only hides the genial ray,  
And, round the Cross, makes night of day.

Then weep it from thy heart;  
So mayst thou duly learn  
The intercessor's part,  
Thy prayers and tears may earn  
For fallen souls some healing breath,  
Ere they have died th' Apostate's death.

## Sixth Sunday after Epiphany

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.—*St. John iii. 2.*

There are, who darkling and alone,  
Would wish the weary night were gone,  
Though dawning morn should only show  
The secret of their unknown woe:  
Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain  
To ease them of doubt's galling chain:  
"Only disperse the cloud," they cry,  
"And if our fate be death, give light and  
let us die."<sup>1</sup>

Unwise I deem them, Lord, unmeet  
To profit by thy chastenings sweet,  
For Thou wouldst have us linger still  
Upon the verge of good or ill,  
That on Thy guiding hand unseen  
Our undivided hearts may lean,  
And this our frail and foundering bark  
Glide in the narrow wake of Thy beloved  
ark.

<sup>1</sup>Ἐν δὲ φαεὶ καὶ ἀλισσοῖς.

*SIXTH SUNDAY*

'T is so in war—the champion true  
Loves victory more, when dim in view  
He sees her glories gild afar  
The dusky edge of stubborn war,  
Than if th' untrodden bloodless field  
The harvest of her laurels yield;  
Let not my bark in calm abide,  
But win her fearless way against the  
chafing tide.

'T is so in love—the faithful heart  
From her dim vision would not part,  
When first to her fond gaze is given  
That purest spot in Fancy's heaven,  
For all the gorgeous sky beside,  
Though pledg'd her own and sure t' abide:  
Dearer than every past noon-day  
That twilight gleam to her, though faint  
and far away.

So have I seen some tender flower  
Priz'd above all the vernal bower,  
Shelter'd beneath the coolest shade,  
Embosom'd in the greenest glade,  
So frail a gem, it scarce may bear  
The playful touch of evening air;  
When harder grown we love it less,  
And trust it from our sight, not needing  
our caress.

### *AFTER EPIPHANY*

And wherefore is the sweet spring-tide  
Worth all the changeful year beside?  
The last-born babe, why lies its part  
Deep in the mother's inmost heart?  
But that the **LORD** and source of love  
Would have His weakest ever prove  
Our tenderest care—and most of all  
Our frail immortal souls, His work and  
Satan's thrall.

So be it, **LORD**; I know it best,  
Though not as yet this wayward breast  
Beat quite in answer to Thy voice;  
Yet surely I have made my choice;  
I know not yet the promis'd bliss,  
Know not if I shall win or miss;  
So doubting, rather let me die,  
Than close with aught beside, to last  
eternally.

What is the heaven we idly dream?  
The self-deceiver's dreary theme,  
A cloudless sun that softly shines,  
Bright maidens and unfailing vines,  
The warrior's pride, the hunter's mirth,  
Poor fragments all of this low earth:  
Such as in sleep would hardly soothe  
A soul that once had tasted of immortal  
Truth.

*SIXTH AFTER EPIPHANY*

What is the Heaven our God bestows?  
No Prophet yet, no Angel knows;  
Was never yet created eye  
Could see across Eternity;  
Not seraph's wing for ever soaring  
Can pass the flight of souls adoring,  
That nearer still and nearer grow  
To th' unapproached LORD, once made  
for them so low.

Unseen, unfelt their earthly growth,  
And self-accus'd of sin and sloth  
They live and die—their names decay,  
Their fragrance passes quite away;  
Like violets in the freezing blast  
No vernal steam around they cast,—  
But they shall flourish from the tomb,  
The breath of God shall wake them into  
od'rous bloom.

Then on th' incarnate SAVIOUR's breast,  
The fount of sweetness, they shall rest,  
Their spirits every hour imbu'd  
More deeply with His precious blood.  
But peace—still voice and closed eye  
Suit best with hearts beyond the sky,  
Hearts training in their low abode,  
Daily to lose themselves in hope to find  
their GOD.

## Septuagesima Sunday



The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.—Romans i. 20.

There is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small  
In peace and order move.

The Moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run,  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its Sun.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY

The Saviour lends the light and heat  
That crowns His holy hill;  
The saints, like stars, around His seat,  
Perform their courses still.<sup>1</sup>

The saints above are stars in Heaven—  
What are the saints on earth?  
Like trees they stand whom God has  
given,<sup>2</sup>  
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fix'd unswerving root,  
Hope their unfading flower,  
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,  
The glory of their bower.

The dew of Heaven is like Thy grace,<sup>3</sup>  
It steals in silence down;  
But where it lights, the favour'd place  
By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names\*  
With its ten thousand tongues  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.

\* The raging Fire,<sup>4</sup> the roaring Wind,  
Thy boundless power display:

<sup>1</sup> Daniel xii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Isaiah lx. 21.

<sup>3</sup> Psalm lxviii. 9.

<sup>4</sup> Hebrews xii. 29.

*SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY*

But in the gentler breeze we find  
Thy Spirit's viewless way.<sup>1</sup>

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only Sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee every where.

<sup>1</sup> St. John iii. 8.

## Sexagesima Sunday

So He drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.— Genesis iii. 24; compare chap. vi.

Foe of mankind! too bold thy race:  
Thou runn'st at such a reckless pace,  
Thine own dire work thou surely wilt  
confound:  
'T was but one little drop of sin  
We saw this morning enter in,  
And lo! at eventide the world is drown'd.

See here the fruit of wandering eyes,  
Of worldly longings to be wise,  
Of Passion dwelling on forbidden sweets:  
Ye lawless glances, freely rove;  
Ruin below and wrath above  
Are all that now the wildering fancy meets.

Lord, when in some deep garden glade,  
Of Thee and of myself afraid,  
From thoughts like these among the  
bowers I hide,

## SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY

Nearest and loudest then of all  
I seem to hear the Judge's call:—  
"Where art thou, fallen man? come forth,  
and be thou tried".

Trembling before Thee as I stand,  
Where'er I gaze on either hand  
The sentence is gone forth, the ground is  
curs'd:  
Yet mingled with the penal shower  
Some drops of balm in every bower  
Steal down like April dews, that softest  
fall and first.

If filial and maternal love<sup>1</sup>  
Memorial of our guilt must prove,  
If sinful babes in sorrow must be born,  
Yet, to assuage her sharpest throes,  
The faithful mother surely knows,  
This was the way Thou cam'st to save  
the world forlorn.

If blessed wedlock may not bless<sup>2</sup>  
Without some tinge of bitterness  
To dash her cup of joy, since Eden lost,

<sup>1</sup> In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.

<sup>2</sup> Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

Chaining to earth with strong desire  
Hearts that would highest else aspire,  
And o'er the tenderer sex usurping ever  
most;

Yet by the light of Christian lore  
'Tis blind Idolatry no more,  
But a sweet help and pattern of true love,  
Showing how best the soul may cling  
To her immortal Spouse and King,  
How He should rule, and she with full  
desire approve.

If niggard Earth her treasures hide,<sup>1</sup>  
To all but labouring hands denied,  
Lavish of thorns and worthless weeds alone,  
The doom is half in mercy given  
To train us in our way to Heaven,  
And show our lagging souls how glory  
must be won.

If on the sinner's outward frame<sup>2</sup>  
God hath impress'd His mark of blame,  
And even our bodies shrink at touch of light,  
Yet mercy hath not left us bare:  
The very weeds we daily wear<sup>3</sup>  
Are to Faith's eye a pledge of God's for-  
giving might.

<sup>1</sup> Cursed is the ground for thy sake.

<sup>2</sup> I was afraid because I was naked.

<sup>3</sup> The Lord God made coats of skins, and clothed them.

## SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY

And oh! if yet one arrow more,<sup>1</sup>  
The sharpest of th' Almighty's store,  
Tremble upon the string — a sinner's  
death —

Art Thou not by to soothe and save,  
To lay us gently in the grave,  
To close the weary eye and hush the part-  
ing breath?

Therefore in sight of man bereft  
The happy garden still was left,  
The fiery sword that guarded show'd it  
too,

Turning all ways, the world to teach,  
That though as yet beyond our reach,  
Still in its place the tree of life and glory  
grew.

<sup>1</sup> Thou shalt surely die.

## Quinquagesima Sunday

I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token  
of a covenant between Me and the earth.—Genesis ix. 13.

Sweet Dove! the softest, steadiest plume  
In all the sunbright sky,  
Brightening in ever-changeful bloom  
As breezes change on high;—

Sweet Leaf! the pledge of peace and  
mirth,  
“Long sought, and lately won”,  
Bless’d increase of reviving Earth,  
When first it felt the Sun;—

Sweet Rainbow! pride of summer days,  
High set at Heaven’s command,  
Though into drear and dusky haze  
Thou melt on either hand;—

Dear tokens of a pardoning God,  
We hail ye, one and all,  
As when our fathers walk’d abroad,  
Freed from their twelvemonth’s thrall.

*QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY*

How joyful from th' imprisoning ark  
On the green earth they spring!  
Not blither, after showers, the Lark  
Mounts up with glistening wing.

So home-bound sailors spring to shore,  
Two oceans safely past;  
So happy souls, when life is o'er,  
Plunge in th' empyreal vast.

What wins their first and fondest gaze  
In all the blissful field,  
And keeps it through a thousand days?  
Love face to face reveal'd:

Love imag'd in that cordial look  
Our Lord in Eden bends  
On souls that sin and earth forsook  
In time to die His friends.

And what most welcome and serene  
Dawns on the Patriarch's eye,  
In all th' emerging hills so green,  
In all the brightening sky?

What but the gentle rainbow's gleam,  
Soothing the wearied sight,  
That cannot bear the solar beam,  
With soft undazzling light?

## *QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY*

Lord, if our fathers turn'd to Thee  
With such adoring gaze,  
Wondering frail man Thy light should  
see  
Without Thy scorching blaze;

Where is our love, and where our hearts,  
We who have seen Thy Son,  
Have tried Thy Spirit's winning arts,  
And yet we are not won?

The Son of God in radiance beam'd  
Too bright for us to scan,  
But we may face the rays that stream'd  
From the mild Son of Man.

There, parted into rainbow hues,  
In sweet harmonious strife,  
We see celestial love diffuse  
Its light o'er Jesus' life.

God, by His bow, vouchsafes to write  
This truth in Heaven above;  
As every lovely hue is Light,  
So every grace is Love.

## Ash-Wednesday

When thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret.— St. Matthew vi. 17, 18.

“Yes—deep within and deeper yet  
The rankling shaft of conscience hide,  
Quick let the swelling eye forget  
The tears that in the heart abide.  
Calm be the voice, the aspect bold,  
No shuddering pass o'er lip or brow,  
For why should Innocence be told  
The pangs that guilty spirits bow?

“The loving eye that watches thine  
Close as the air that wraps thee round—  
Why in thy sorrow should it pine,  
Since never of thy sin it found?  
And wherefore should the heathen see<sup>1</sup>  
What chains of darkness thee enslave,  
And mocking say, Lo, this is he  
Who own'd a God that could not save?”

<sup>1</sup> Wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God?—Joel ii. 17.

ASH-WEDNESDAY

Thus oft the mourner's wayward heart  
    Tempts him to hide his grief and die,  
Too feeble for Confession's smart,  
    Too proud to bear a pitying eye,  
How sweet, in that dark hour, to fall  
    On bosoms waiting to receive  
Our sighs, and gently whisper all!  
    They love us—will not God forgive?

Else let us keep our fast within,  
    Till Heaven and we are quite alone,  
Then let the grief, the shame, the sin,  
    Before the mercy-seat be thrown.  
Between the porch and altar weep,  
    Unworthy of the holiest place,  
Yet hoping near the shrine to keep  
    One lowly cell in sight of grace.

Nor fear lest sympathy should fail—  
    Hast thou not seen, in night-hours  
    drear,  
When racking thoughts the heart assail,  
    The glimmering stars by turns appear,  
And from th' eternal home above  
    With silent news of mercy steal?  
So Angels pause on tasks of love,  
    To look where sorrowing sinners kneel.

Or if no Angel pass that way,  
    He who in secret sees, perchance

### ASH-WEDNESDAY

May bid His own heart-warming ray  
Toward thee stream with kindlier  
glance,  
As when upon His drooping head  
His Father's light was pour'd from  
Heaven,  
What time, unshelter'd and unfed,<sup>1</sup>  
Far in the wild His steps were driven.

High thoughts were with Him in that  
hour,  
Untold, unspeakable on earth—  
And who can stay the soaring power  
Of spirits wean'd from worldly mirth,  
While far beyond the sound of praise  
With upward eye they float serene,  
And learn to bear their Saviour's blaze  
When Judgment shall undraw the  
screen?

<sup>1</sup> St. Matt. iv. 1.

## First Sunday in Lent

Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do anything till thou be come thither. Therefore the name of the city was called Zoar.—Genesis xix. 22.

“Angel of wrath! why linger in mid air,  
While the devoted city’s cry  
Louder and louder swells? and canst thou  
spare,  
Thy full-charg’d vial standing by?”  
Thus, with stern voice, unsparing Justice  
pleads:  
He hears her not—with soften’d gaze  
His eye is following where sweet Mercy  
leads,  
And till she give the sign, his fury stays.

Guided by her, along the mountain road,  
Far through the twilight of the morn,  
With hurrying footsteps from th’ accus’d  
abode

He sees the holy household borne:  
Angels, or more, on either hand are nigh,  
To speed them o’er the tempting plain,

*FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT*

Lingering in heart, and with frail sidelong  
    eye  
Seeking how near they may unharm'd  
    remain.

“Ah! wherefore gleam those upland slopes  
    so fair?  
    And why, through every woodland  
    arch,  
Swell's yon bright vale, as Eden rich and  
    rare,  
    Where Jordan winds his stately march;  
If all must be forsaken, ruin'd all,  
    If God have planted but to burn?—  
    Surely not yet th' avenging shower will  
    fall,  
Though to my home for one last look I  
    turn.”

Thus while they waver, surely long ago  
    They had provok'd the withering blast,  
But that the merciful Avengers know  
    Their frailty well, and hold them fast.  
“Haste, for thy life escape, nor look  
    behind”—  
    Ever in thrilling sounds like these  
They check the wandering eye, severely  
    kind,  
Nor let the sinner lose his soul at ease.

*FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT*

And when, o'erwearied with the steep  
ascent,  
We for a nearer refuge crave,  
One little spot of ground in mercy lent,  
One hour of home before the grave,  
Oft in his pity o'er his children weak,  
His hand withdraws the penal fire,  
And where we fondly cling, forbears to  
wreak  
Full vengeance, till our hearts are wean'd  
entire.

Thus, by the merits of one righteous man,  
The Church, our Zoar, shall abide,  
Till she abuse, so sore, her lengthen'd  
span,  
Even Mercy's self her face must hide.  
Then, onward yet a step, thou hard-won  
soul;  
Though in the Church thou know  
thy place,  
The mountain farther lies—there seek thy  
goal,  
There breathe at large, o'erpast thy dan-  
gerous race.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual  
look  
When hearts are of each other sure;

*FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT*

Sweet all the joys that crowd the house-  
hold nook,  
The haunt of all affections pure;  
Yet in the world even these abide, and we  
Above the world our calling boast:  
Once gain the mountain top, and thou  
art free:  
Till then, who rest, presume; who turn  
to look, are lost.

## Second Sunday in Lent

And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father!—Genesis xxvii. 34. (Compare Hebrews xii. 17.—He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.)<sup>1</sup>

“And is there in God’s world so drear a place  
Where the loud bitter cry is rais’d in vain?  
Where tears of penance come too late for grace,  
As on th’ uprooted flower the genial rain?”

‘T is even so: the sovereign Lord of souls  
Stores in the dungeon of His boundless realm  
Each bolt, that o’er the sinner vainly rolls,  
With gather’d wrath the reprobate towhelm.

<sup>1</sup> The author earnestly hopes, that nothing in these stanzas will be understood to express any opinion as to the general efficacy of what is called “a death-bed repentance”. Such questions are best left in the merciful obscurity with which Scripture has enveloped them. Esau’s probation, as far as his birthright was concerned, was quite over when he uttered the cry in the text. His despondency, therefore, is not parallel to anything on this side the grave.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

Will the storm hear the sailor's piteous  
cry,<sup>1</sup>  
Taught to mistrust, too late, the tempt-  
ing wave,  
When all around he sees but sea and sky,  
A God in anger, a self-chosen grave?

Or will the thorns, that strew intemper-  
ance' bed,  
Turn with a wish to down? will late  
remorse  
Recall the shaft the murderer's hand has  
sped,  
Or from the guiltless bosom turn its  
course?

Then may the unbodied soul in safety  
fleet  
Through the dark curtains of the world  
above,  
Fresh from the stain of crime; nor fear  
to meet  
The God, whom here she would not  
learn to love:

Then is there hope for such as die unblest,  
That angel wings may waft them to  
the shore,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bp. Butler's *Analogy*, pp. 54-64, ed. 1736.

*SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT*

Nor need th' unready virgin strike her  
breast,  
Nor wait desponding round the bride-  
groom's door.

But where is then the stay of contrite  
hearts?  
Of old they lean'd on Thy eternal word,  
But with the sinner's fear their hope de-  
parts,  
Fast link'd as Thy great Name to Thee,  
O Lord:

That Name, by which Thy faithful oath  
is past,  
That we should endless be, for joy or  
woe:—  
And if the treasures of Thy wrath could  
waste,  
Thy lovers must their promis'd Heaven  
forego.

But ask of elder days, earth's vernal hour,  
When in familiar talk God's voice was  
heard,  
When at the Patriarch's call the fiery  
shower  
Propitious o'er the turf-built shrine ap-  
pear'd.

## SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

Watch by our father Isaac's pastoral door—  
The birthright sold, the blessing lost  
and won,  
Tell, Heaven has wrath that can relent  
no more,  
The Grave, dark deeds that cannot be  
undone.

We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss  
For wealth or power, for pleasure or  
renown;  
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,  
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded  
crown.

Our faded crown, despis'd and flung aside,  
Shall on some brother's brow immortal  
bloom,  
No partial hand the blessing may mis-  
guide;  
No flattering fancy change our Mon-  
arch's doom:

His righteous doom, that meek true-  
hearted Love  
The everlasting birthright should receive,  
The softest dews drop on her from above,<sup>1</sup>  
The richest green her mountain gar-  
land weave:

<sup>1</sup> Genesis xxvii. 27, 28.

*SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT*

Her brethren, mightiest, wisest, eldest  
born,  
Bow to her sway, and move at her  
behest:  
Isaac's fond blessing may not fall on scorn,  
Nor Balaam's curse on Love, which  
God hath blest.

### Third Sunday in Lent

When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils.—St. Luke xi. 27, 22.

See Lucifer like lightning fall,  
Dash'd from his throne of pride;  
While, answering Thy victorious call,  
The Saints his spoils divide;  
This world of Thine, by him usurp'd  
too long,  
Now opening all her stores to heal Thy  
servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes  
Dead in the darkness lay,  
When Thy redeem'd at midnight rose  
And cast their bonds away,  
The orphan'd realm threw wide her  
gates, and told  
Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and her  
gold.

And when their wondrous march was  
o'er,  
And they had won their homes,

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

Where Abraham fed his flock of yore,  
Among their fathers' tombs;—  
A land that drinks the rain of Heaven  
at will,  
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a  
vine-clad hill;—

Oft as they watch'd, at thoughtful eve,  
A gale from bowers of balm  
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave  
The tresses of the palm,  
Just as the lingering Sun had touch'd  
with gold,  
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of  
giants old;

It was a fearful joy, I ween,  
To trace the Heathen's toil,  
The limpid wells, the orchards green,  
Left ready for the spoil,  
The household stores untouched, the  
roses bright  
Wreath'd o'er the cottage walls in gar-  
lands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields  
To Thine all-conquering ark;—  
Fly from the "old poetic" fields,<sup>1</sup>  
Ye Paynim shadows dark!

<sup>1</sup> Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathed around.—*Gray.*

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious  
lays,  
Lo! here the "unknown God" of thy un-  
conscious praise!

The olive wreath, the ivied wand,  
"The sword in myrtles drest",  
Each legend of the shadowy strand  
Now wakes a vision blest;  
As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,  
So thoughts beyond their thought to those  
high Bards were given.

And these are ours: Thy partial grace  
The tempting treasure lends:  
These relics of a guilty race  
Are forfeit to Thy friends;  
What seem'd an idol hymn, now breathes  
of Thee,  
Tun'd by Faith's ear to some celestial  
melody.

There's not a strain to Memory dear,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor flower in classic grove,  
There's not a sweet note warbled here,  
But minds us of Thy Love.

O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,  
There is no light but Thine: with Thee  
all beauty glows.

<sup>1</sup> See Burns's Works, i. 293, Dr. Currie's edition.

## Fourth Sunday in Lent

Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother; and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there.—Genesis xliii. 30.

There stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.—Genesis xiv. 1.

When Nature tries her finest touch,  
Weaving her vernal wreath,  
Mark ye, how close she veils her round,  
Not to be trac'd by sight or sound,  
Nor soil'd by ruder breath?

Who ever saw the earliest rose  
First open her sweet breast?  
Or, when the summer sun goes down,  
The first soft star in evening's crown  
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom  
On features wan and fair,—  
The gazing eye no change can trace,  
But look away a little space,  
Then turn, and, lo! 'tis there.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er  
Blush'd on the rosy spray—  
A brighter star, a richer bloom  
Than e'er did western heaven illume  
At close of summer day.

'T is Love, the last best gift of Heaven;  
Love gentle, holy, pure;  
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,  
The searching sun, the open sky,  
She never could endure.

Even human Love will shrink from sight  
Here in the coarse rude earth:  
How then should rash intruding glance  
Break in upon *her* sacred trance  
Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,  
Ever the truest heart,  
Where deepest strikes her kindly root  
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,  
Least knows its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look  
Behind the blissful screen—  
As when, triumphant o'er His woes,  
The Son of God by moonlight rose,  
By all but Heaven unseen:

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

As when the holy Maid beheld  
    Her risen Son and Lord:  
Thought has not colours half so fair  
    That she to paint that hour may dare,  
        In silence best ador'd.

The gracious Dove, that brought from  
    Heaven  
    The earnest of our bliss,  
Of many a chosen witness telling,  
On many a happy vision dwelling,  
    Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,  
    Old Israel's long-lost son,  
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,  
    He call'd his conscious brethren near,  
        Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul  
    But in his Maker's sight—  
Then why should gentle hearts and true  
    Bare to the rude world's withering view  
        Their treasure of delight!

No—let the dainty rose awhile  
    Her bashful fragrance hide—  
Rend not her silken veil too soon,  
    But leave her, in her own soft noon,  
        To flourish and abide.

## Fifth Sunday in Lent

And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.—Exodus iii. 3.

Th' historic Muse, from age to age,  
Thro' many a waste heart-sickening page  
Hath trac'd the works of Man:  
But a celestial call to-day  
Stays her, like Moses, on her way,  
The works of GOD to scan.

Far seen across the sandy wild,  
Where, like a solitary child,  
He thoughtless roam'd and free,  
One towering thorn<sup>1</sup> was wrapt in flame—  
Bright without blaze it went and came:  
Who would not turn and see?

Along the mountain ledges green  
The scatter'd sheep at will may glean  
The Desert's spicy stores:  
The while, with undivided heart,  
The shepherd talks with God apart,  
And, as he talks, adores.

<sup>1</sup> "Seneh": said to be a sort of Acacia.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

Ye too, who tend Christ's wildering flock,  
Well may ye gather round the rock  
That once was Sion's hill:  
To watch the fire upon the mount  
Still blazing, like the solar fount,  
Yet unconsuming still.

Caught from that blaze by wrath divine,  
Lost branches of the once-lov'd vine,  
Now wither'd, spent, and sere,  
See Israel's sons, like glowing brands,  
Tost wildly o'er a thousand lands  
For twice a thousand year.

God will not quench nor slay them quite,  
But lifts them like a beacon light  
Th' apostate Church to scare;  
Or like pale ghosts that darkling roam,  
Hovering around their ancient home,  
But find no refuge there.

Ye blessed Angels! if of you  
There be, who love the ways to view  
Of Kings and Kingdoms here;  
(And sure, 'tis worth an Angel's gaze,  
To see, throughout that dreary maze,  
God teaching love and fear;)

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

Oh say, in all the bleak expanse,  
Is there a spot to win your glance,  
    So bright, so dark as this?  
A hopeless faith, a homeless race,  
Yet seeking the most holy place,  
    And owning the true bliss!

Salted with fire they seem,<sup>1</sup> to show  
How spirits lost in endless woe  
    May undecaying live.  
Oh, sickening thought! yet hold it fast  
Long as this glittering world shall last,  
    Or sin at heart survive.

And hark! amid the flashing fire,  
Mingling with tones of fear and ire,  
    Soft Mercy's undersong—  
'T is Abraham's God who speaks so loud,  
His people's cries have pierc'd the cloud,  
    He sees, He sees their wrong;<sup>2</sup>

He is come down to break their chain;  
Though never more on Sion's fane  
    His visible ensign wave;  
'T is Sion, wheresoe'er they dwell,  
Who, with His own true Israel,  
    Shall own Him strong to save.

<sup>1</sup> St. Mark ix. 49.

<sup>2</sup> Exod. iii. 7, 8.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT

He shall redeem them one by one,  
Where'er the world-encircling sun  
    Shall see them meekly kneel:  
All that He asks on Israel's part,  
Is only, that the captive heart  
    Its woe and burthen feel.

Gentiles! with fix'd yet awful eye  
Turn ye this page of mystery,  
    Nor slight the warning sound:  
“ Put off thy shoes from off thy feet—  
The place where man his God shall meet,  
    Be sure, is holy ground ”.

## Palm Sunday



And He answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.—St. Luke xix. 40.

Ye whose hearts are beating high  
With the pulse of Poesy,  
Heirs of more than royal race,  
Fram'd by Heaven's peculiar grace,  
God's own work to do on earth,  
    (If the word be not too bold,)  
Giving virtue a new birth,  
    And a life that ne'er grows old—

Sovereign masters of all hearts!  
Know ye, who hath set your parts?  
He who gave you breath to sing,  
By whose strength ye sweep the string,  
He hath chosen you, to lead  
    His Hosannas here below;  
Mount, and claim your glorious meed;  
    Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,  
Deem not that the song would cease—  
Angels round His glory-throne,  
Stars, His guiding hand that own,

*PALM SUNDAY*

Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,  
Stones in earth's dark womb that rest,  
High and low in choir shall meet,  
Ere His Name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue  
Be Thy praise so duly sung,  
That Thine angels' harps may ne'er  
Fail to find fit echoing here:  
We the while, of meaner birth,  
Who in that divinest spell  
Dare not hope to join on earth,  
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal  
Lips, that might half Heaven reveal,  
Should bards in idol-hymns profane  
The sacred soul-entralling strain,  
(As in this bad world below  
Noblest things find vilest using,) Then, Thy power and mercy show,  
In vile things noble breath infusing;

Then waken into sound divine  
The very pavement of Thy shrine,  
Till we, like Heaven's star-sprinkled floor,  
Faintly give back what we adore:  
Childlike though the voices be,  
And untunable the parts,  
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,  
If it flow from childlike hearts.

## Monday before Easter

Doubtless Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not—Isaiah viii. 16.

“Father to me Thou art and Mother dear,  
And Brother too, kind Husband of my  
heart”—

So speaks Andromache<sup>1</sup> in boding fear,  
Ere from her last embrace her hero  
part—

So evermore, by Faith’s undying glow,  
We own the Crucified in weal or woe.

Strange to our ears the church-bells of  
our home,

The fragrance of our old paternal fields  
May be forgotten; and the time may come  
When the babe’s kiss no sense of plea-  
sure yields

Even to the doting mother: but thine own  
Thou never canst forget, nor leave alone.

There are who sigh that no fond heart  
is theirs,

None loves them best—O vain and  
selfish sigh!

<sup>1</sup> *Iliad*, vi. 429.

## MONDAY BEFORE EASTER

Out of the bosom of His love He spares—  
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die:  
For thee He died—for thee He lives again:  
O'er thee He watches in His boundless  
reign.

Thou art as much His care, as if beside  
Nor man nor angel liv'd in Heaven or  
earth:  
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide  
To light up worlds, or wake an insect's  
mirth:  
They shine and shine with unexhausted  
store—  
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no  
more.

On thee and thine, thy warfare and thine  
end,  
Even in His hour of agony He thought,  
When, ere the final pang His soul should  
rend,  
The ransom'd spirits one by one were  
brought  
To His mind's eye—two silent nights and  
days<sup>1</sup>  
In calmness for His far-seen hour He stays.

<sup>1</sup> In Passion week, from Tuesday evening to Thursday evening: during which time Scripture seems to be nearly silent concerning our Saviour's proceedings.

*MONDAY BEFORE EASTER*

Ye vaulted cells, where martyr'd seers of  
old

Far in the rocky walls of Sion sleep,  
Green terraces and arched fountains cold,  
Where lies the cypress shade so still  
and deep,

Dear sacred haunts of glory and of woe,  
Help us, one hour, to trace His musings  
high and low:

One heart-ennobling hour! It may not  
be:

Th' unearthly thoughts have pass'd from  
earth away,  
And fast as evening sunbeams from the  
sea

Thy footsteps all in Sion's deep decay  
Were blotted from the holy ground: yet  
dear

Is every stone of hers; for Thou wast  
surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale  
That felt Thee kneeling—touch'd Thy  
prostrate brow:

One angel knows it. O might prayer  
avail

To win that knowledge! sure each holy  
vow

*MONDAY BEFORE EASTER*

Less quickly from th' unstable soul would  
    fade,  
Offer'd where CHRIST in agony was laid.

Might tears of ours once mingle with the  
    blood  
That from His aching brow by moon-  
    light fell,  
Over the mournful joy our thoughts would  
    brood,  
Till they had fram'd within a guardian  
    spell  
To chase repining fancies, as they rise,  
Like birds of evil wing, to mar our sac-  
    rifice.

So dreams the heart self-flattering, fondly  
    dreams;—  
Else wherefore, when the bitter waves  
    o'erflow,  
Miss we the light, Gethsemane, that  
    streams  
From thy dear name, where in His page  
    of woe  
It shines, a pale kind star in winter's sky?  
Who vainly reads it there, in vain had  
    seen Him die.

## Tuesday before Easter

They gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh; but  
He received it not.—St. Mark xv. 23.

“Fill high the bowl, and spice it well, and  
pour  
The dews oblivious: for the Cross is  
sharp,  
The Cross is sharp, and He  
Is tenderer than a lamb.

“He wept by Lazarus’ grave—how will  
He bear  
This bed of anguish? and His pale weak  
form  
Is worn with many a watch  
Of sorrow and unrest.

“His sweat last night was as great drops  
of blood,  
And the sad burthen press’d Him so to  
earth,  
The very torturers paus’d  
To help Him on His way.

*TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER*

“Fill high the bowl, benumb His aching  
sense  
With medicin’d sleep.”—O awful in Thy  
woe!

The parching thirst of death  
Is on Thee, and Thou triest

The slumb’rous potion bland, and wilt not  
drink:  
Not sullen, nor in scorn, like haughty man  
With suicidal hand  
Putting his solace by:

But as at first Thine all-pervading look  
Saw from Thy Father’s bosom to th’  
abyss,  
Measuring in calm presage  
The infinite descent;

So to the end, though now of mortal pangs  
Made heir, and emptied of Thy glory  
awhile,  
With unaverted eye  
Thou meetest all the storm.

Thou wilt feel all, that Thou mayst pity all;  
And rather wouldest Thou wrestle with  
strong pain,  
Than overcloud Thy soul,  
So clear in agony,

*TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER*

Or lose one glimpse of Heaven before the  
time.

O most entire and perfect sacrifice,  
Renew'd in every pulse  
That on the tedious Cross

Told the long hours of death, as, one by  
one,

The life-strings of that tender heart gave  
way;

Even sinners, taught by Thee,  
Look Sorrow in the face,

And bid her freely welcome, unbeguil'd  
By false kind solaces, and spells of earth:—

And yet not all unsooth'd;  
For when was Joy so dear,

As the deep calm that breath'd, "*Father,*  
*forgive*",

Or, "*Be with Me in Paradise to-day*"?

And, though the strife be sore,  
Yet in His parting breath

Love masters Agony; the soul that seem'd  
Forsaken, feels her present God again,  
And in her Father's arms  
Contented dies away.

## Wednesday before Easter

Saying, Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done.—St. Luke xxii. 42.

O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will—  
I will lie still—  
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,  
And break the charm,  
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's  
breast,  
In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me  
beguile  
With thy false smile:  
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating  
ways;  
Be silent, Praise,  
Blind guide with siren voice, and blind-  
ing all  
That hear thy call.

Come, Self-devotion, high and pure,  
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER

Though dearest hopes are faithless found,  
And dearest hearts are bursting round.  
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,  
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,  
And read in thy pale eye serene  
Their blessing, who by faith can wean  
Their hearts from sense, and learn to  
    love  
God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,  
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,  
That by each golden crown on high,<sup>1</sup>  
Rich with celestial jewelry,  
Which for our Lord's redeem'd is set,  
There hangs a radiant coronet,  
All gemm'd with pure and living light,  
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,  
Prepar'd for virgin souls, and them  
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,  
Must win their way through blood and  
    fire.

<sup>1</sup> . . . "that little coronet or special reward which God hath prepared (extraordinary and besides the great Crown of all faithful souls) for those 'who have not defiled themselves with women, but follow the (virgin) Lamb for ever'."

—*Bp. Taylor, Holy Living*, ch. xi. sect. 3.

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER

The writhings of a wounded heart  
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.  
Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,  
In Desolation unrepining,  
Without a hope on earth to find  
A mirror in an answering mind,  
Meek souls there are, who little dream  
Their daily strife an Angel's theme,  
Or that the rod they take so calm  
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell  
Above this earth—so rich a spell  
Floats round their steps, where'er they  
move,  
From hopes fulfill'd and mutual love.  
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,  
Nor in the stream the source forget,  
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,  
Following the Lamb where'er He go,  
By purest pleasures unbeguil'd  
To idolize or wife or child;  
Such wedded souls our God shall own  
For faultless virgins round His throne.

Thus every where we find our suffering  
God,

And where He trod  
May set our steps: the Cross on Calvary  
Uplifted high

*WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER*

Beams on the martyr host, a beacon light  
In open fight.  
To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart  
He doth impart  
The virtue of His midnight agony,  
When none was nigh,  
Save God and one good angel, to assuage  
The tempest's rage.

Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find  
All to thy mind,  
Think, who did once from Heaven to  
Hell descend  
Thee to befriend:  
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,  
Thy best, thine all.

'O Father! not My will, but Thine be  
done'—  
So spake the Son.  
Be, this our charm, mellowing Earth's  
ruder noise  
Of griefs and joys;  
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast  
In perfect rest!

## Thursday before Easter

At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee; for thou art greatly beloved: therefore understand the matter, and consider the vision.—Daniel ix., 23.

“O holy mountain of my God,  
How do thy towers in ruin lie,  
How art thou riven and strewn abroad,  
Under the rude and wasteful sky!”  
’T was thus upon his fasting-day  
The “Man of Loves” was fain to pray,  
His lattice open<sup>1</sup> toward his darling west,  
Mourning the ruin’d home he still must  
love the best,

Oh! for a love like Daniel’s now,  
To wing to Heaven but one strong  
prayer  
For God’s new Israel, sunk as low,  
Yet flourishing to sight as fair,  
As Sion in her height of pride,  
With queens for handmaids at her side,

<sup>1</sup> Daniel vi. 10.

*THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER*

With kings her nursing-fathers, throned  
high,  
And compass'd with the world's too tempt-  
ing blazonry.

'T is true, nor winter stays thy growth,  
Nor torrid summer's sickly smile.  
The flashing billows of the south  
Break not upon so lone an isle,  
But thou, rich vine, art grafted there,  
The fruit of death or life to bear,  
Yielding a surer witness every day,  
To thine Almighty Author and His stedfast  
sway.

Oh! grief to think, that grapes of gall  
Should cluster round thine healthiest  
shoot!

God's herald prove a heartless thrall,  
Who, if he dar'd, would fain be mute!  
Even such is this bad world we see,  
Which self-condemn'd in owning Thee,  
Yet dares not open farewell of Thee  
take,

For very pride, and her high-boasted  
Reason's sake.

What do we then? if far and wide  
Men kneel to CHRIST, the pure and  
meek,

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER

Yet rage with passion, swell with pride,  
Have we not still our faith to seek?  
Nay—but in stedfast humbleness  
Kneel on to Him, who loves to bless  
The prayer that waits for Him; and  
trembling strive  
To keep the lingering flame in thine own  
breast alive.

Dark frown'd the future even on him,  
The loving and beloved Seer,  
What time he saw, through shadows  
dim,  
The boundary of th' eternal year;  
He only of the sons of men  
Nam'd to be heir of glory then.<sup>1</sup>  
Else had it bruis'd too sore his tender  
heart  
To see God's ransom'd world in wrath  
and flame depart.

Then look no more: or closer watch  
Thy course in Earth's bewildering  
ways,  
For every glimpse thine eye can catch  
Of what shall be in those dread days:  
So when th' Archangel's word is spoken,  
And Death's deep trance for ever broken,

<sup>1</sup> Daniel xii. 13. See Bp. Kenn's Sermon on the character of Daniel.

*THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER*

In mercy thou mayst feel the heavenly  
hand,  
And in thy lot unharmed before thy  
Saviour stand.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the  
days.—Daniel xii. 13.

## Good Friday

He is despised and rejected of men.—Isaiah liii. 6.

Is it not strange, the darkest hour  
That ever dawn'd on sinful earth  
Should touch the heart with softer  
power  
For comfort, than an Angel's mirth?  
That to the Cross the mourner's eye should  
turn  
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas  
burn?

Sooner than where the Easter sun  
Shines glorious on yon open grave,  
And to and fro the tidings run,  
"Who died to heal, is ris'n to save"?  
Sooner than where upon the Saviour's  
friends  
The very Comforter in light and love  
descends?

Yet so it is: for duly there  
The bitter herbs of earth are set,  
Till temper'd by the Saviour's prayer,  
And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,

## GOOD FRIDAY

They turn to sweetness, and drop holy balm,  
Soft as imprison'd martyr's deathbed calm.

All turn to sweet—but most of all  
That bitterest to the lip of pride,  
When hopes presumptuous fade and fall,  
Or Friendship scorns us, duly tried,  
Or Love, the flower that closes up for fear  
When rude and selfish spirits breathe too near.

Then like a long-forgotten strain  
Comes sweeping o'er the heart forlorn  
What sunshine hours had taught in vain  
Of JESUS suffering shame and scorn,  
As in all lowly hearts He suffers still,  
While we triumphant ride and have the world at will.

His pierced hands in vain would hide  
His face from rude reproachful gaze,  
His ears are open to abide  
The wildest storm the tongue can raise,  
He who with one rough word,<sup>1</sup> some early day,  
Their idol world and them shall sweep for aye away.

<sup>1</sup> Wisdom of Solomon, xii. 9.

## GOOD FRIDAY

But we by fancy may assuage  
The festering sore by Fancy made,  
Down in some lonely hermitage  
Like wounded pilgrims safely laid,  
Where gentlest breezes whisper souls dis-  
tress'd,  
That Love yet lives, and Patience shall  
find rest.

O! shame beyond the bitterest thought  
That evil spirit ever fram'd,  
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,  
Yet feel their haughty hearts un-  
tarn'd—  
That souls in refuge, holding by the Cross,  
Should wince and fret at this world's little  
loss.

Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,  
Let not Thy blood on earth be spent—  
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,  
Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent,  
Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary  
eyes  
Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

Wash me, and dry these bitter tears,  
O let my heart no further roam,

*GOOD FRIDAY*

'Tis Thine by vows, and hopes, and  
fears,  
Long since—O call Thy wanderer  
home;  
To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded  
side,  
Where only broken hearts their sin and  
shame may hide.

## Easter Eve

As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherent is no water.—  
Zechariah ix. 9.

At length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid

Deep in Thy darksome bed;  
All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone

Thy sacred form is gone;  
Around those lips where power and mercy hung,

The dews of death have clung;  
The dull earth o'er Thee, and Thy foes around,

Thou sleep'st a silent corse, in funeral fetters wound.

Sleep'st Thou indeed? or is Thy spirit fled,

At large among the dead?  
Whether in Eden bowers Thy welcome voice

Wake Abraham to rejoice,  
Or in some drearier scene Thine eye controuls

The thronging band of souls;

### *EASTER EVE*

That, as Thy blood won earth, Thine  
agony  
Might set the shadowy realm from sin  
and sorrow free.

Where'er Thou roam'st, one happy soul,  
we know,  
Seen at Thy side in woe,<sup>1</sup>  
Waits on Thy triumph—even as all the  
blest  
With him and Thee shall rest.  
Each on his cross, by Thee we hang a  
while,  
Watching Thy patient smile,  
Till we have learn'd to say, "'T is justly  
done,  
Only in glory, **LORD**, Thy sinful servant  
own."

Soon wilt Thou take us to Thy tranquil  
bower  
To rest one little hour,  
Till Thine elect are number'd, and the  
grave  
Call Thee to come and save:  
Then on Thy bosom borne shall we  
descend,  
Again with earth to blend,

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xxiii. 43.

## EASTER EVE

Earth all refin'd with bright supernal  
fires,  
Tinctur'd with holy blood, and wing'd with  
pure desires.

Meanwhile with every son and saint  
of Thine  
Along the glorious line,  
Sitting by turns beneath Thy sacred feet  
We'll hold communion sweet,  
Know them by look and voice, and  
thank them all  
For helping us in thrall,  
For words of hope, and bright examples  
given  
To show through moonless skies that there  
is light in Heaven.

O come that day, when in this restless  
heart  
Earth shall resign her part,  
When in the grave with Thee my limbs  
shall rest,  
My soul with Thee be blest!  
But stay, presumptuous—CHRIST with  
thee abides  
In the rock's dreary sides:  
He from the stone will wring celestial dew  
If but the prisoner's heart be faithful  
found and true.

## EASTER EVE

When tears are spent, and thou art  
left alone

\* With ghosts of blessings gone,  
Think thou art taken from the cross,  
and laid

In JESUS' burial shade;  
Take Moses' rod, the rod of prayer,  
and call

Out of the rocky wall  
The fount of holy blood; and lift on  
high

Thy grovelling soul that feels so desolate  
and dry.

Prisoner of Hope thou art<sup>1</sup>—look up  
and sing

In hope of promis'd spring.  
As in the pit his father's darling lay<sup>2</sup>

Beside the desert way,  
And knew not how, but knew his God  
would save

Even from that living grave,  
So, buried with our LORD, we'll close  
our eyes

To the decaying world, till Angels bid  
us rise.

<sup>1</sup> Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope.—  
Zechariah ix. 12.

<sup>2</sup> They took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit  
was empty, there was no water in it.—Genesis xxxvii. 24.

## Easter Day

And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.—St. Luke xxiv. 5, 6.

Oh! day of days! shall hearts set free  
No “minstrel rapture” find for thee?  
Thou art the Sun of other days,  
They shine by giving back thy rays:

Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere  
Thou shedd’st thy light on all the year:  
Sundays by thee more glorious break,  
An Easter Day in every week:

And week-days, following in their train,  
The fulness of thy blessing gain,  
Till all, both resting and employ,  
Be one Lord’s day of holy joy.

Then wake, my soul, to high desires,  
And earlier light thine altar fires:  
The World some hours is on her way,  
Nor thinks on thee, thou blessed day:

## *EASTER DAY*

Or, if she think, it is in scorn:  
The vernal light of Easter morn  
To her dark gaze no brighter seems  
Than Reason's or the Law's pale beams.

"Where is your Lord?" she scornful asks:  
"Where is His hire? we know His tasks;  
Sons of a King ye boast to be;  
Let us your crowns and treasures see."

We in the words of Truth reply,  
(An angel brought them from the sky,)  
"Our crown, our treasure is not here,  
'Tis stor'd above the highest sphere:

"Methinks your wisdom guides amiss  
To seek on earth a Christian's bliss;  
We watch not now the lifeless stone;  
Our only Lord is risen and gone."

Yet even the lifeless stone is dear  
For thoughts of Him who late lay here;  
And the base world, now Christ hath died,  
Ennobled is and glorified.

No more a charnel-house, to fence  
The relics of lost innocence,  
A vault of ruin and decay;—  
Th' imprisoning stone is roll'd away:

*EASTER DAY*

'Tis now a cell, where angels use  
To come and go with heavenly news,  
And in the ears of mourners say,  
"Come, see the place where Jesus lay":

'Tis now a fane, where Love can find  
Christ every where embalm'd and shrin'd:  
Aye gathering up memorials sweet,  
Where'er she sets her duteous feet.

Oh! joy to Mary first allow'd,  
When rous'd from weeping o'er His  
shroud,  
By His own calm, soul-soothing tone,  
Breathing her name, as still His own!

Joy to the faithful Three renew'd,  
As their glad errand they pursued!  
Happy, who so Christ's word convey,  
That He may meet them on their way!

So is it still: to holy tears,  
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears:  
In social hours, who Christ would see,  
Must turn all tasks to Charity.

## Monday in Easter Week

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him. - Acts x. 34, 35.

Go up and watch the new-born rill  
Just trickling from its mossy bed,  
Streaking the heath-clad hill  
With a bright emerald thread.

Canst thou her bold career foretell,  
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,  
How far in Ocean's swell  
Her freshening billows send?

Perchance that little brook shall flow  
The bulwark of some mighty realm,  
Bear navies to and fro  
With monarchs at their helm.

Or canst thou guess, how far away  
Some sister nymph, beside her urn  
Reclining night and day,  
Mid reeds and mountain fern,

*MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK*

Nurses her store, with thine to blend  
When many a moor and glen are past,  
Then in the wide sea end  
Their spotless lives at last?

Even so, the course of prayer who knows?  
It springs in silence where it will,  
Springs out of sight, and flows  
At first a lonely rill:

But streams shall meet it by and by  
From thousand sympathetic hearts,  
Together swelling high  
Their chant of many parts.

Unheard by all but angel ears  
The good Cornelius knelt alone,  
Nor dream'd his prayers and tears  
Would help a world undone.

The while upon his terrac'd roof  
The lov'd Apostle to his Lord  
In silent thought aloof  
For heavenly vision soar'd.

Far o'er the glowing western main  
His wistful brow was upward rais'd,  
Where, like an angel's train,  
The burnish'd water blaz'd.

*MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK*

The saint beside the ocean pray'd,  
The soldier in his chosen bower,  
Where all his eye survey'd  
Seem'd sacred in that hour.

To each unknown his brother's prayer,  
Yet brethren true in dearest love  
Were they—and now they share  
Fraternal joys above.

There daily through Christ's open gate  
They see the Gentile spirits press,  
Brightening their high estate  
With dearer happiness.

What civic wreath for comrades sav'd  
Shone ever with such deathless gleam,  
Or when did perils brav'd  
So sweet to veterans seem?

## Tuesday in Easter Week

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring His disciples word.—  
St. Matthew xxviii. 8.

### TO THE SNOW-DROP

Thou first-born of the year's delight,

Pride of the dewy glade,

In vernal green and virgin white,

Thy vestal robes, array'd:

'T is not because thy drooping form

Sinks graceful on its nest,

When chilly shades from gathering storm

Affright thy tender breast;

Nor for yon river islet wild

Beneath the willow spray,

Where, like the ringlets of a child,

Thou weav'st thy circle gay;

'T is not for these I love thee dear—

Thy shy averted smiles

To Fancy bode a joyous year,

One of Life's fairy isles.

*TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK*

They twinkle to the wintry moon,  
And cheer th' ungenial day,  
And tell us, all will glisten soon  
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart, that loves the spring,  
Their witness can refuse?  
Yet mortals doubt, when angels bring  
From Heaven their Easter news:

When holy maids and matrons speak  
Of Christ's forsaken bed,  
And voices, that forbid to seek  
The living 'mid the dead,

And when they say, "Turn, wandering  
heart,  
Thy Lord is ris'n indeed,  
Let Pleasure go, put Care apart,  
And to His presence speed";

We smile in scorn: and yet we know  
They early sought the tomb,  
Their hearts, that now so freshly glow,  
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,  
Wear not so bright a glance:  
They, who have won their earthly mind,  
Less reverently advance.

*TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK*

But where, in gentle spirits, fear  
And joy so duly meet,  
These sure have seen the angels near,  
And kiss'd the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the Pastor's thankful eye  
Their faltering tale disdain,  
As on their lowly couch they lie,  
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts  
From Thee would start aloof,  
Where Patience her sweet skill imparts  
Beneath some cottage roof:

Revive our dying fires, to burn  
High as her anthems soar,  
and of our scholars let us learn  
Our own forgotten lore.

## First Sunday after Easter

Seemeth it but a small thing unto you, that the God of Israel hath separated you from the congregation of Israel, to bring you near to Himself?—Numbers xvi. 9.

First Father of the holy seed,  
If yet, invok'd in hour of need,  
Thou count me for Thine own,  
Not quite an outcast if I prove,  
(Thou joy'st in miracles of love,)  
Hear, from Thy mercy-throne!

Upon Thine altar's horn of gold  
Help me to lay my trembling hold,  
Though stain'd with Christian gore;—  
The blood of souls by Thee redeem'd,  
But, while I rov'd or idly dream'd,  
Lost to be found no more.

For oft, when summer leaves were bright,  
And every flower was bath'd in light,  
In sunshine moments past,  
My wilful heart would burst away  
From where the holy shadow lay,  
Where Heaven my lot had cast.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

I thought it scorn with Thee to dwell,  
A Hermit in a silent cell,  
While, gaily sweeping by,  
Wild Fancy blew his bugle strain,  
And marshall'd all his gallant train  
In the world's wondering eye.

I would have join'd him—but as oft  
Thy whisper'd warnings, kind and soft,  
My better soul confess'd.  
" My servant, let the world alone—  
Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne  
Be tranquil and be blest.

" Seems it to thee a niggard hand  
That nearest Heaven has bade thee stand,  
The ark to touch and bear,  
With incense of pure heart's desire  
To heap the censer's sacred fire,  
The snow-white Ephod wear?"

Why should we crave the worldling's  
wreath,  
On whom the Saviour deign'd to breathe,  
To whom His keys were given,  
Who lead the choir where angels meet,  
With angels' food our brethren greet,  
And pour the drink of Heaven?

*FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER*

When sorrow all our heart would ask,  
We need not shun our daily task,  
And hide ourselves for calm;  
The herbs we seek to heal our woe  
Familiar by our pathway grow,  
Our common air is balm.

Around each pure domestic shrine  
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine,  
Our hearths are altars all;  
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,  
Like armed angels at the door,  
Our unseen foes appal.

Alms all around and hymns within—  
What evil eye can entrance win  
Where guards like these abound?  
If chance some heedless heart should  
roam,  
Sure, thought of these will lure it home  
Ere lost in Folly's round.

O joys, that sweetest in decay,  
Fall not, like wither'd leaves, away,  
But with the silent breath  
Of violets drooping one by one,  
Soon as their fragrant task is done,  
Are wafted high in death!

## Second Sunday after Easter

He bath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open: I shall see Him, but not now: I shall behold Him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth.—Numbers xxiv. 16, 17.

O for a sculptor's hand,  
That thou might'st take thy stand,  
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern  
breeze,  
Thy tranc'd yet open gaze  
Fix'd on the desert haze,  
As one who deep in heaven some airy  
pageant sees.

In outline dim and vast  
Their fearful shadows cast  
The giant forms of empires on their way  
To ruin: one by one  
They tower and they are gone,  
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of  
avarice stay.

SECOND AFTER EASTER

No sun or star so bright  
In all the world of light  
That they should draw to Heaven his  
downward eye:  
He hears th' Almighty's word,  
He sees the angel's sword,  
Yet low upon the earth his heart and  
treasure lie.

Lo! from yon argent field,  
To him and us reveal'd,  
One gentle Star glides down, on earth to  
dwell.  
Chain'd as they are below,  
Our eyes may see it glow,  
And as it mounts again, may track its  
brightness well.

To him it glar'd afar,  
A token of wild war,  
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath:  
But close to us it gleams,  
Its soothing lustre streams  
Around our home's green walls, and on  
our church-way path.

We in the tents abide  
Which he at distance eyed  
Like goodly cedars by the waters spread,

SECOND AFTER EASTER

While seven red altar-fires  
Rose up in wavy spires,  
Where on the mount he watch'd his  
sorceries dark and dread.

He watch'd till morning's ray  
On lake and meadow lay,  
And willow-shaded streams, that silent  
sweep  
Around the banner'd lines,  
Where by their several signs  
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of  
Canaan sleep.

He watch'd till knowledge came  
Upon his soul like flame,  
Not of those magic fires at random caught:  
But true prophetic light  
Flash'd o'er him, high and bright,  
Flash'd once, and died away, and left his  
darken'd thought.

And can he choose but fear,  
Who feels his God so near,  
That when he fain would curse, his power-  
less tongue  
In blessing only moves?—  
Alas! the world he loves  
Too close around his heart her tangling  
veil hath flung.

*SECOND AFTER EASTER*

Sceptre and Star divine,  
Who in Thine inmost shrine  
Hast made us worshippers, O claim Thine  
own;  
More than Thy seers we know—  
O teach our love to grow  
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what  
Thou hast sown.

### Third Sunday after Easter

A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.—St. John xvi. 21.

Well may I guess and feel  
Why Autumn should be sad;  
But vernal airs should sorrow heal,  
Spring should be gay and glad:  
Yet as along this violet bank I rove,  
The languid sweetness seems to choke  
my breath,  
I sit me down beside the hazel grove,  
And sigh, and half could wish my weariness were death.

Like a bright veering cloud  
Grey blossoms twinkle there,  
Warbles around a busy crowd  
Of larks in purest air.  
Shame on the heart that dreams of  
blessings gone,  
Or wakes the spectral forms of woe  
and crime,

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

When nature sings of joy and hope  
alone,  
Reading her cheerful lesson in her own  
sweet time.

Nor let the proud heart say,  
In her self-torturing hour,  
The travail pangs must have their  
way,  
The aching brow must lower.  
To us long since the glorious Child is  
born,  
Our throes should be forgot, or only  
seem  
Like a sad vision told for joy at morn,  
For joy that we have wak'd and found it  
but a dream.

Mysterious to all thougnt  
A mother's prime of bliss,  
When to her eager lips is brought  
Her infant's thrilling kiss.  
O never shall it set, the sacred light  
Which dawns that moment on her  
tender gaze,  
In the eternal distance blending bright  
Her darling's hope and hers, for love and  
joy and praise.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

No need for her to weep  
Like Thracian wives of yore,  
Save when in rapture still and deep  
Her thankful heart runs o'er.  
They mourn'd to trust their treasure on  
the main,  
Sure of the storm, unknowing of their  
guide:  
Welcome to her the peril and the pain,  
For well she knows the home where they  
may safely hide.

She joys that one is born  
Into a world forgiven,  
Her Father's household to adorn,  
And dwell with her in Heaven.  
So have I seen, in Spring's bewitching  
hour,  
When the glad earth is offering all  
her best,  
Some gentle maid bend o'er a cherish'd  
flower,  
And wish it worthier on a Parent's heart  
to rest.

## Fourth Sunday after Easter

Nevertheless, I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you: but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.  
—St. John xvi. 7.

My Saviour, can it ever be  
That I should gain by losing Thee?  
The watchful mother tarries nigh  
Though sleep have clos'd her infant's eye;  
For should he wake, and find her gone,  
She knows she could not bear his moan.  
But I am weaker than a child,

And Thou art more than mother dear;  
Without Thee Heaven were but a wild:  
How can I live without Thee here!

“ ‘T is good for you, that I should go,  
You lingering yet awhile below’;—  
‘T is Thine own gracious promise, Lord!  
Thy saints have prov'd the faithful word,  
When Heaven's bright boundless avenue  
Far open'd on their eager view,  
And homeward to Thy Father's throne,  
Still lessening, brightening on their  
sight.

FOURTH AFTER EASTER

Thy shadowy car went soaring on;  
They track'd Thee up th' abyss of light.

Thou bidd'st rejoice; they dare not mourn,  
But to their home in gladness turn,  
Their home and God's, that favour'd place,  
Where still He shines on Abraham's race,  
In prayers and blessings there to wait  
Like suppliants at their Monarch's gate,  
Who bent with bounty rare to aid

The splendours of His crowning day,  
Keeps back awhile His largess, made  
More welcome for that brief delay:

In doubt they wait, but not unblest;  
They doubt not of their Master's rest,  
Nor of the gracious will of Heaven—  
Who gave His Son, sure all has given—  
But in ecstatic awe they muse  
What course the genial stream may  
choose,  
And far and wide their fancies rove,  
And to their height of wonder strain,  
What secret miracle of love  
Should make their Saviour's going gain.

The days of hope and prayer are past,  
The day of comfort dawns at last,  
The everlasting gates again  
Roll back, and, lo! a royal train—

#### FOURTH AFTER EASTER

From the far depth of light once more  
The floods of glory earth-ward pour:  
They part like shower-drops in mid air,  
But ne'er so soft fell noon-tide shower,  
Nor evening rainbow gleam'd so fair  
To weary swains in parched bower.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame  
Through cloud and breeze unwavering  
came,  
And darted to its place of rest  
On some meek brow of Jesus blest.  
Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,  
And still those lambent lightnings stream;  
Where'er the Lord is, there are they;  
In every heart that gives them room,  
They light His altar every day,  
Zeal to inflame, and vice consume.

Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove  
They nurse the soul to heavenly love:  
The struggling spark of good within,  
Just smother'd in the strife of sin,  
They quicken to a timely glow,  
The pure flame spreading high and low.  
Said I, that prayer and hope were o'er?  
Nay, blessed Spirit! but by Thee  
The Church's prayer finds wings to soar,  
The Church's hope finds eyes to see.

#### FOURTH AFTER EASTER

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing;  
Mount, but be sober on the wing;  
Mount up, for Heaven is won by prayer,  
Be sober, for thou art not there;  
Till Death the weary spirit free,  
Thy God hath said, 'Tis good for thee  
To walk by faith and not by sight:

Take it on trust a little while;  
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right  
In the full sunshine of His smile.

Or if thou yet more knowledge crave,  
Ask thine own heart, that willing slave  
To all that works thee woe or harm:  
Shouldst thou not need some mighty  
charm

To win thee to thy Saviour's side,  
Though He had deign'd with thee to bide?  
The Spirit must stir the darkling deep,

The Dove must settle on the Cross,  
Else we should all sin on or sleep  
With Christ in sight, turning our gain  
to loss.

## Fifth Sunday after Easter

### ROGATION SUNDAY

And the Lord was very angry with Aaron to have destroyed him: and I prayed for Aaron also the same time.—  
Deut. ix. 20.

Now is there solemn pause in earth and  
heaven;  
The Conqueror now  
His bonds hath riven,  
And angels wonder why He stays below:  
Yet hath not man his lesson learn'd,  
How endless love should be return'd.

Deep is the silence as of summer noon,  
When a soft shower  
Will trickle soon,  
A gracious rain, freshening the weary  
bower—  
O sweetly then far off is heard  
The clear note of some lonely bird.

So let Thy turtle dove's sad call arise  
In doubt and fear  
Through darkening skies,

*FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER*

And pierce, O LORD, Thy justly-sealed ear,  
Where on the house-top,<sup>1</sup> all night long,  
She trills her widow'd, faltering song.

Teach her to know and love her hour of  
prayer,  
And evermore,  
As faith grows rare,  
Unlock her heart, and offer all its store  
In holier love and humbler vows,  
As suits a lost returning spouse.

Not as at first,<sup>2</sup> but with intenser cry,  
Upon the mount  
She now must lie,  
Till Thy dear love to blot the sad account  
Of her rebellious race be won,  
Pitying the mother in the son.

But chiefly (for she knows Thee anger'd  
worst  
By holiest things  
Profan'd and curst),  
Chiefly for Aaron's seed she spreads her  
wings,  
If but one leaf she may from Thee  
Win of the reconciling tree.

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cii. 7.

<sup>2</sup> I fell down before the Lord forty days and forty nights,  
as I fell down at the first.—Deut. ix. 25.

*FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER*

For what shall heal, when holy water  
banes?

Or who may guide  
O'er desert plains

Thy lov'd yet sinful people wandering wide,  
If Aaron's hand unshrinking mould<sup>1</sup>  
An idol form of earthly gold?

Therefore her tears are bitter, and as deep  
Her boding sigh,  
As, while men sleep,  
Sad-hearted mothers heave, that wakeful  
lie,

To muse upon some darling child  
Roaming in youth's uncertain wild.

Therefore on fearful dreams her inward  
sight  
Is fain to dwell—  
What lurid light  
Shall the last darkness of the world dispel,  
The Mediator in His wrath  
Descending down the lightning's path.

Yet, yet awhile, offended Saviour, pause,  
In act to break<sup>2</sup>  
Thine outrag'd laws,  
O spare Thy rebels for Thine own dear  
sake;

<sup>1</sup> Exodus xxxii. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Exodus xxxii. 19.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

Withdraw Thine hand, nor dash to  
earth  
The covenant of our second birth.

'Tis forfeit like the first—we own it all—  
Yet for love's sake  
Let it not fall;  
But at Thy touch let veiled hearts awake,  
That nearest to Thine altar lie,  
Yet least of holy things descry.

Teacher of teachers! Priest of priests!  
from Thee  
The sweet strong prayer  
Must rise, to free  
First Levi, then all Israel, from the snare.  
Thou art our Moses out of sight—  
Speak for us, or we perish quite.

## Ascension Day

Why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven.—Acts 1. 11.

Soft cloud, that while the breeze of  
May  
Chants her glad matins in the leafy arch,  
Draw'st thy bright veil across the  
heavenly way,  
Meet pavement for an angel's glorious  
march :

My soul is envious of mine eye,  
That it should soar and glide with thee  
so fast,  
The while my grovelling thoughts half-  
buried lie,  
Or lawless roam around this earthly waste.

Chains of my heart, avaunt I say—  
I will arise, and in the strength of love  
Pursue the bright track ere it fade away.  
My Saviour's pathway to His home above.

## ASCENSION DAY

Sure, when I reach the point where  
earth  
Melts into nothing from th' uncumber'd  
sight,  
Heaven will o'ercome th' attraction of  
my birth,  
And I shall sink in yonder sea of light.

Till resting by th' incarnate LORD,  
Once bleeding, now triumphant for my  
sake,  
I mark Him, how by seraph hosts ador'd,  
He to earth's lowest cares is still awake.

The sun and every vassal star,  
All space, beyond the soar of angel wings,  
Wait on His word: and yet He stays  
His car  
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.

He listens to the silent tear  
For all the anthems of the boundless sky—  
And shall our dreams of music bar our  
ear  
To His soul-piercing voice for ever nigh?

Nay, gracious Saviour—but as now  
Our thoughts have trac'd Thee to Thy  
glory-throne,

## *ASCENSION DAY*

So help us evermore with Thee to bow  
Where human sorrow breathes her lowly  
moan.

We must not stand to gaze too long,  
Though on unfolding Heaven our gaze we  
bend,  
Where lost behind the bright angelic  
throng  
We see CHRIST'S entering triumph slow  
ascend.

No fear but we shall soon behold,  
Faster than now it fades, that gleam  
revive,  
When issuing from his cloud of fiery  
gold  
Our wasted frames feel the true sun, and  
live.

Then shall we see Thee as Thou art,  
For ever fix'd in no unfruitful gaze,  
But such as lifts the new-created heart,  
Age after age, in worthier love and praise.

## Sunday after Ascension

As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.— St. Peter iv. 10.

The Earth that in her genial breast  
Makes for the down a kindly nest,  
Where wafted by the warm south-west

It floats at pleasure,  
Yields, thankful, of her very best,  
To nurse her treasure:

True to her trust, tree, herb, or reed,  
She renders for each scatter'd seed,  
And to her Lord with duteous heed  
Gives large increase:  
Thus year by year she works unfeed,  
And will not cease.

Woe worth these barren hearts of ours,  
Where Thou hast set celestial flowers,  
And water'd with more balmy showers  
Than e'er distill'd  
In Eden, on th' ambrosial bowers—  
Yet nought we yield.

### *SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION*

Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord,  
Largely Thy gifts should be restor'd;  
Freely Thou givest, and Thy word  
    Is, "Freely give".<sup>1</sup>  
He only, who forgets to hoard,  
    Has learn'd to live.

Wisely Thou givest—all around  
Thine equal rays are resting found,  
Yet varying so on various ground  
    They pierce and strike,  
That not two roseate cups are crown'd  
    With dew alike:

Even so, in silence, likest Thee,  
Steals on soft-handed Charity,  
Tempering her gifts, that seem so free,  
    By time and place,  
Till not a woe the bleak world see,  
    But finds her grace:

Eyes to the blind, and to the lame  
Feet, and to sinners wholesome blame,  
To starving bodies food and flame,  
    By turns she brings,  
To humbled souls, that sink for shame,  
    Lends heaven-ward wings:

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew x. 8.

*SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION*

Leads them the way our Saviour went,  
And shows Love's treasure yet unspent;  
As when th' unclouded heavens were rent  
Opening His road,  
Nor yet His Holy Spirit sent  
To our abode.

Ten days th' eternal doors display'd  
Were wondering (so th' Almighty bade)  
Whom Love enthron'd would send, in aid  
Of souls that mourn,  
Left orphans in Earth's dreary shade  
As soon as born.

Open they stand, that prayers in throngs  
May rise on high, and holy songs,  
Such incense as of right belongs  
To the true shrine,  
Where stands the Healer of all wrongs  
In light divine;

The golden censer in His hand,  
He offers hearts from every land,  
Tied to His own by gentlest band  
Of silent Love:  
About Him winged blessings stand  
In act to move.

*SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION*

A little while, and they shall fleet  
From Heaven to Earth, attendants meet  
On the life-giving Paraclete,  
Speeding His flight,  
With all that sacred is and sweet,  
On saints to light.

Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, all  
Shall feel the shower of Mercy fall,  
And starting at th' Almighty's call,  
Give what He gave,  
Till their high deeds the world appal,  
And sinners save.

## Whitsunday

And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—Acts ii. 2-4.

When God of old came down from Heaven,  
In power and wrath He came;  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame:

Around the trembling mountain's base  
The prostrate people lay;  
A day of wrath, and not of grace;  
A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love,  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hover'd His holy Dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth  
Wing'd with the sinner's doom,

## WHITSUNDAY

But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth  
Proclaiming life to come:

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump, that angels quake to hear,  
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud,

So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from Heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward ear alone  
At that high warning start;  
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone;  
'Tis echoed in the heart.

It fills the Church of God; it fills  
The sinful world around;  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for it is found.

To other strains our souls are set:  
A giddy whirl of sin  
Fills ear and brain, and will not let  
Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and  
Power,  
Open our ears to hear;  
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;  
Save, Lord, by Love or Fear.

## Monday in Whitsun- Week

So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the  
face of all the earth; and they left off to build Beth, city —  
Genesis xi. 8.

Since all that is not Heaven must fade,  
Light be the hand of Ruin laid  
Upon the home I love:  
With lulling spell let soft Decay  
Steal on, and spare the giant sway,  
The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep  
In their own quiet glade should sleep  
The relics dear to thought,  
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side  
Their waving traceray hang, to hide  
What ruthless Time has wrought.

Such are the visions green and sweet  
That o'er the wistful fancy fleet  
In Asia's sea-like plain,  
Where slowly, round his isles of sand,  
Euphrates through the lonely land  
Winds toward the pearly main.

## MONDAY IN WIITSUN-WEEK

Slumber is there, but not of rest;  
There her forlorn and weary nest  
    The famish'd hawk has found,  
The wild dog howls at fall of night,  
The serpent's rustling coils affright  
    The traveller on his round.

What shapeless form, half lost on high,<sup>1</sup>  
Half seen against the evening sky  
    Seems like a ghost to glide,  
And watch, from Babel's crumbling heap,  
Where in her shadow, fast asleep,  
    Lies fall'n imperial Pride?

With half-clos'd eye a lion there  
Is basking in his noontide lair,  
    Or prowls in twilight gloom.  
The golden city's king he seems,  
Such as in old prophetic dreams<sup>2</sup>  
    Sprang from rough ocean's womb.

But where are now his eagle wings,  
That shelter'd erst a thousand kings,  
    Hiding the glorious sky

<sup>1</sup> See Sir R. K. Porter's *Travels*, ii. 387. "In my second visit to Birs Nimrood, my party suddenly halted, having descried several dark objects moving along the summit of its hill, which they construed into dismounted Arabs on the look-out: I took out my glass to examine, and soon distinguished that the causes of our alarm were two or three majestic lions, taking the air upon the heights of the pyramid."

<sup>2</sup> Daniel vii. 4.

MONDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK

From half the nations, till they own  
No holier name, no mightier throne?  
That vision is gone by.

Quench'd is the golden statue's ray,<sup>1</sup>  
The breath of heaven has blown away  
What toiling earth had pil'd,  
Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,  
As breezes strew on ocean's sand  
The fabrics of a child.

Divided thence through every age  
Thy rebels, Lord, their warfare wage,  
And hoarse and jarring all  
Mount up their heaven-assailing cries  
To Thy bright watchmen in the skies  
From Babel's shatter'd wall.

Thrice only since, with blended might  
The nations on that haughty height  
Have met to scale the Heaven:  
Thrice only might a seraph's look  
A moment's shade of sadness brook—  
Such power to guilt was given.

Now the fierce Bear and Leopard keen<sup>2</sup>  
Are perish'd as they ne'er had been,  
Oblivion is their home:

<sup>1</sup> Daniel ii. and iii.

<sup>2</sup> Daniel vii. 5, 6.

MONDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK

Ambition's boldest dream and last  
Must melt before the clarion blast  
That sounds the dirge of Rome.

Heroes and Kings, obey the charm,  
Withdraw the proud high-reaching arm,  
There is an oath on high,  
That ne'er on brow of mortal birth  
Shall blend again the crowns of earth,  
Nor in according cry

Her many voices mingling own  
One tyrant Lord, one idol throne:  
But to His triumph soon  
*He* shall descend, who rules above,  
And the pure language of His love<sup>1</sup>  
All tongues of men shall tune.

Nor let Ambition heartless mourn;  
When Babel's very ruins burn,  
Her high desires may breathe;—  
O'ercome thyself, and thou mayst share  
With Christ His Father's throne,<sup>2</sup> and  
wear  
The world's imperial wreath.

<sup>1</sup> Then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent.—Zephaniah iii. 9.

<sup>2</sup> To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne.—Revelation iii. 21.

## Tuesday in Whitsun-Week

When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them.—St. John x. 4.

*(Addressed to Candidates for Ordination)*

“Lord, in Thy field I work all day,  
I read, I teach, I warn, I pray,  
And yet these wilful wandering sheep  
Within Thy fold I cannot keep.

“I journey, yet no step is won—  
Alas! the weary course I run!  
Like sailors shipwreck'd in their dreams,  
All powerless and benighted seems.”

What? wearied out with half a life?  
Scar'd with this smooth unbloody strife?  
Think where thy coward hopes had flown  
Had Heaven held out the martyr's crown.

How couldst thou hang upon the cross,  
To whom a weary hour is loss?  
Or how the thorns and scourging brook,  
Who shrinkest from a scornful look?

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK

Yet ere thy craven spirit faints,  
Hear thine own King, the King of Saints;  
Though thou wert culling in the grave,  
'Tis He can cheer thee, He can save.

He is th' eternal mirror bright,  
Where Angels view the FATHER'S light,  
And yet in Him the simplest swain  
May read his homely lesson plain.

Early to quit His home on earth,  
And claim His high celestial birth,  
Alone with His true Father found  
Within the temple's solemn round:—

Yet in meek duty to abide  
For many a year at Mary's side,  
Nor heed, though restless spirits ask,  
"What? hath the Christ forgot His  
task?"—

Conscious of Deity within,  
To bow before an heir of sin,  
With folded arms on humble breast,  
By His own servant wash'd and blest:—

Then full of Heaven, the mystic Dove  
Hovering His gracious brow above,  
To shun the voice and eye of praise,  
And in the wild His trophies raise:—

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK

With hymns of angels in His ears,  
Back to His task of woe and tears,  
Unmurmuring through the world to roam  
With not a wish or thought at home:—

All but Himself to heal and save,  
Till ripen'd for the cross and grave,  
He to His Father gently yield  
The breath that our redemption seal'd:—

Then to unearthly life arise,  
Yet not at once to seek the skies,  
But glide awhile from saint to saint,  
Lest on our lonely way we faint;

And through the cloud by glimpses show  
How bright, in Heaven, the marks will  
glow  
Of the true cross, imprinted deep  
Both on the Shepherd and the sheep:—

When out of sight, in heart and prayer  
Thy chosen people still to bear,  
And from behind Thy glorious veil,  
Shed light that cannot change or fail:—

This is Thy pastoral course, O LORD,  
Till we be sav'd, and Thou ador'd;—  
Thy course and ours—but who are they  
Who follow on the narrow way?

## TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK

And yet of Thee from year to year  
The Church's solemn chant we hear,  
As from Thy cradle to Thy throne  
She swells her high heart-cheering tone.

Listen, ye pure white-robed souls,  
Whom in her list she now enrolls,  
And gird ye for your high emprise  
By these her thrilling minstrelsies.

And wheresoe'er in earth's wide field,  
Ye lift, for Him, the red-cross shield,  
Be this your song, your joy and pride—  
"Our Champion went before and died".

## Trinity Sunday

If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?—St. John iii. 12.

Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide,  
Now on Thy mercy's ocean wide  
Far out of sight we seem to glide.

Help us, each hour, with steadier eye  
To search the deepening mystery,  
The wonders of Thy sea and sky.

The blessed angels look and long  
To praise Thee with a worthier song,  
And yet our silence does Thee wrong.—

Along the Church's central space  
The sacred weeks, with unfelt pace,  
Have borne us on from grace to grace.

As travellers on some woodland height,  
When wintry suns are gleaming bright,  
Lose in arch'd glades their tangled sight;—

By glimpses such as dreamers love  
Through her grey veil the leafless grove  
Shows where the distant shadows rove;—

TRINITY SUNDAY

Such trembling joy the soul o'er-awes  
As nearer to Thy shrine she draws:—  
And now before the choir we pause.

The door is clos'd—but soft and deep  
Around the awful arches sweep  
Such airs as soothe a hermit's sleep.

From each carv'd nook and fretted bend  
Cornice and gallery seem to send  
Tones that with seraph hymns might  
blend.

Three solemn parts together twine  
In harmony's mysterious line;  
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine

Yet all are One—together all,  
In thoughts that awe but not appal,  
Teach the adoring heart to fall.

Within these walls each fluttering guest  
Is gently lur'd to one safe nest—  
Without, 'tis moaning and unrest.

The busy world a thousand ways  
Is hurrying by, nor ever stays  
To catch a note of Thy dear praise.

TRINITY SUNDAY

Why tarries not her chariot-wheel,  
That o'er her with no vain appeal  
One gust of heavenly song might steal?

Alas! for her Thy opening flowers  
Unheeded breathe to summer showers,  
Unheard the music of Thy bowers.

What echoes from the sacred dome  
The selfish spirit may o'ercome  
That will not hear of love or home?

The heart that scorn'd a father's care,  
How can it rise in filial prayer?  
How an all-seeing Guardian bear?

Or how shall envious brethren own  
A Brother on th' eternal throne,  
Their Father's joy, their hope alone?

How shall Thy Spirit's gracious wile  
The sullen brow of gloom beguile,  
That frowns on sweet Affection's smile?

Eternal One, Almighty Trine!  
(Since Thou art ours, and we are Thine,)  
By all Thy love did once resign,

By all the grace Thy heavens still hide,  
We pray Thee, keep us at Thy side,  
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide!

## First Sunday after Trinity

So Joshua smote all the country . . . and all their kings;  
he left none remaining.—Joshua x. 40.

Where is the land with milk and honey  
flowing,  
The promise of our God, our fancy's  
theme?  
Here over shatter'd walls dank weeds are  
growing,  
And blood and fire have run in mingled  
stream;  
Like oaks and cedars all around  
The giant corses strew the ground,  
And haughty Jericho's cloud-piercing wall  
Lies where it sank at Joshua's trumpet  
call.

These are not scenes for pastoral dance  
at even,  
For moonlight rovings in the fragrant  
glades,  
Soft slumbers in the open eye of Heaven,  
And all the listless joy of summer shades.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

We in the midst of ruins live,  
Which every hour dread warning give,  
Nor may our household vine or fig-tree  
    hide  
The broken arches of old Canaan's pride.

Where is the sweet repose of hearts re-  
    penting,  
The deep calm sky, the sunshine of  
    the soul,  
Now Heaven and earth are to our bliss  
    consenting,  
And all the Godhead joins to make us  
    whole?

The triple crown of mercy now  
    Is ready for the suppliant's brow,  
By the Almighty Three for ever plann'd,  
And from behind the cloud held out by  
    Jesus' hand.

"Now, Christians, hold your own—the  
    land before ye  
Is open—win your way, and take  
    your rest."  
So sounds our war-note; but our path of  
    glory  
By many a cloud is darken'd and un-  
    blest:  
And daily as we downward glide,  
Life's ebbing stream on either side

*FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY*

Shows at each turn some mould'ring hope  
or joy,  
The Man seems following still the funeral  
of the Boy.

Open our eyes, Thou Sun of life and  
gladness,  
That we may see that glorious world  
of Thine!  
It shines for us in vain, while drooping  
sadness  
Enfolds us here like mist: come Power  
benign,  
Touch our chill'd hearts with vernal  
smile,  
Our wintry course do Thou beguile,  
Nor by the wayside ruins let us mourn,  
Who have th' eternal towers for our  
appointed bourne.

## Second Sunday after Trinity

Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.— St. John iii. 13, 14.

The clouds that wrap the setting sun  
When Autumn's softest gleams are ending,  
Where all bright hues together run  
In sweet confusion blending:—  
Why, as we watch their floating wreath,  
Seem they the breath of life to breathe?  
To Fancy's eye their motions prove  
They mantle round the Sun for love.

When up some woodland dale we catch  
The many-twinkling smile<sup>1</sup> of ocean,  
Or with pleas'd ear bewilder'd watch  
His chime of restless motion;  
Still as the surging waves retire  
They seem to gasp with strong desire,  
Such signs of love old Ocean gives,  
We cannot choose but think he lives.

<sup>1</sup> . . . ποντίων τι κυριότων  
ἀνθεψίους γιλασσα. . . . *Æschyl. Prom. 89.*

*SECOND AFTER TRINITY*

Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?  
Nor human wisdom nor divine  
Helps thee by aught beside to learn;  
Love is life's only sign.

The spring of the regenerate heart,  
The pulse, the glow of every part,  
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,  
As man embrac'd, as God ador'd.

But he, whose heart will bound to mark  
The full bright burst of summer morn,  
Loves too each little dewy spark  
By leaf or flow'ret worn:  
Cheap forms, and common hues, 'tis true,  
Through the bright shower-drop meet his  
view;  
The colouring may be of this earth;  
The lustre comes of heavenly birth.

Even so, who loves the Lord aright,  
No soul of man can worthless find;  
All will be precious in his sight,  
Since Christ on all hath shin'd:  
But chiefly Christian souls; for they,  
Though worn and soil'd with sinful clay,  
Are yet, to eyes that see them true,  
All glistening with baptismal dew.

Then marvel not, if such as bask  
In purest light of innocence,

*SECOND AFTER TRINITY*

Hope against hope, in love's dear task,  
Spite of all dark offence.  
If they who hate the trespass most,  
Yet, when all other love is lost,  
Love the poor sinner, marvel not;  
Christ's mark outwears the rankest blot.

No distance breaks the tie of blood;  
Brothers are brothers evermore;  
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,  
That magic may o'erpower;  
Oft, ere the common source be known,  
The kindred drops will claim their own,  
And throbbing pulses silently  
Move heart towards heart by sympathy.

So is it with true Christian hearts;  
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood  
An everlasting bond imparts  
Of holiest brotherhood:  
Oh! might we all our lineage prove,  
Give and forgive, do good and love,  
By soft endearments in kind strife  
Lightening the load of daily life!

There is much need; for not as yet  
Are we in shelter or repose,  
The holy house is still beset  
With leaguer of stern foes;

*SECOND AFTER TRINITY*

Wild thoughts within, bad men without,  
All evil spirits round about,  
Are banded in unblest device,  
To spoil Love's earthly paradise.

Then draw we nearer day by day,  
Each to his brethren, all to God;  
Let the world take us as she may,  
We must not change our road;  
Not wondering, though in grief, to find  
The martyr's foe still keep her mind;  
But fix'd to hold Love's banner fast,  
And by submission win at last.

### Third Sunday after Trinity

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—St. Luke xv. 10.

O hateful spell of Sin! when friends are  
nigh,  
To make stern Memory tell her tale  
unsought,  
And raise accusing shades of hours gone by,  
To come between us and all kindly  
thought!

Chill'd at her touch, the self-reproaching  
soul  
Flies from the heart and home she  
dearest loves  
To where lone mountains tower, or billows  
roll,  
Or to your endless depth, ye solemn  
groves.

In vain: the averted cheek in loneliest dell  
Is conscious of a gaze it cannot bear,  
The leaves that rustle near us seem to tell  
Our heart's sad secret to the silent air.

Nor is the dream untrue; for all around  
The heavens are watching with their  
thousand eyes,  
We cannot pass our guardian angel's  
bound,  
Resign'd or sullen, he will hear our  
sighs.

He in the mazes of the budding wood  
Is near, and mourns to see our thankless  
glance  
Dwell coldly, where the fresh green earth  
is strew'd  
With the first flowers that lead the  
ernal dance.

In wasteful bounty shower'd, they smile  
unseen,  
Unseen by man—but what if purer  
sprights  
By moonlight o'er their dewy bosoms lean  
T' adore the Father of all gentle lights?

If such there be, O grief and shame to  
think  
That sight of thee should overcloud their  
joy,  
A new-born soul, just waiting on the brink  
Of endless life, yet wrapt in earth's  
annoy!

THIRD AFTER TRINITY

O turn, and be thou turn'd! the selfish  
tear,  
In bitter thoughts of low-born care  
begun,  
Let it flow on, but flow refin'd and clear,  
The turbid waters brightening as they  
run.

Let it flow on, till all thine earthly heart  
In penitential drops have ebb'd away,  
Then fearless turn where Heaven hath set  
thy part,  
Nor shudder at the Eye that saw thee  
stray.

O lost and found! all gentle souls below  
Their dearest welcome shall prepare,  
and prove  
Such joy o'er thee, as raptur'd seraphs  
know,  
Who learn their lesson at the Throne  
of Love.

## Fourth Sunday after Trinity

For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope, because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaleth in pain together until now.—Romans viii. 19-22.

It was not then a poet's dream,  
An idle vaunt of song,  
Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam  
On vacant fancies throng;

Which bids us see in heaven and earth,  
In all fair things around,  
Strong yearnings for a blest new birth  
With sinless glories crown'd;

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause  
From care and want and toil,  
When dewy eve her curtain draws  
Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,  
In the deep weltering flood,  
In whispering leaves, these solemn words—  
“God made us all for good”.

FOURTH AFTER TRINITY

All true, all faultless, all in tune,  
Creation's wondrous choir,  
Open'd in mystic unison  
To last till time expire.

And still it lasts: by day and night,  
With one consenting voice,  
All hymn Thy glory, Lord aight,  
All worship and rejoice.

Man only mars the sweet accord,  
O'erpowering with "harsh din"  
The music of Thy works and word,  
Ill match'd with grief and sin.

Sin is with man at morning break,  
And through the live-long day  
Deafens the ear that fain would wake  
To Nature's simple lay.

But when eve's silent foot-fall steals  
Along the eastern sky,  
And one by one to earth reveals  
Those purer fires on high,

When one by one each human sound  
Dies on the awful ear,  
Then Nature's voice no more is drown'd,  
She speaks, and we must hear.

FOURTH AFTER TRINITY

Then pours she on the Christian heart  
That warning still and deep,  
At which high spirits of old would start  
E'en from their Pagan sleep,

Just guessing, through their murky blind,  
Few, faint, and baffling sight,  
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,  
A cloudless depth of light.

Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,  
Through many a dreary age,  
Upbore whate'er of good and wise  
Yet lived in bard or sage:

They mark'd what agonizing throes  
Shook the great mother's womb;  
But Reason's spells might not disclose  
The gracious birth to come;

Nor could th' enchantress Hope forecast  
God's secret love and power;  
The travail pangs of Earth must last  
Till her appointed hour;

The hour that saw from opening heaven  
Redeeming glory stream,  
Beyond the summer hues of even,  
Beyond the mid-day beam.

Thenceforth, to eyes of high desire,  
The meanest things below,

FOURTH AFTER TRINITY

As with a seraph's robe of fire  
Invested, burn and glow:

The rod of Heaven has touch'd them all,  
The word from Heaven is spoken;  
"Rise, shine, and sing, thou captive thrall:  
Are not thy fetters broken?

"The God Who hallow'd thee and blest,  
Pronouncing thee all good—  
Hath He not all thy wrongs redrest,  
And all thy bliss renew'd?

"Why mourn'st thou still as one bereft,  
Now that th' eternal Son  
His blessed home in heaven hath left  
To make thee all His own?"

Thou mourn'st because Sin lingers still  
In Christ's new heaven and earth;  
Because our rebel works and will  
Stain our immortal birth:

Because, as Love and Prayer grow cold,  
The Saviour hides His face,  
And worldlings blot the temple's gold  
With uses vile and base.

Hence all thy groans and travail pains,  
Hence, till thy God return,  
In Wisdom's ear thy blithest strains,  
Oh Nature, seem to mourn.

## Fifth Sunday after Trinity

And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake.—St. Luke v. 5, 6.

“The live-long night we’ve toil’d in vain,  
But at Thy gracious word  
I will let down the net again:—  
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord!”

So spake the weary fisher, spent  
With bootless darkling toil,  
Yet on his Master’s bidding bent  
For love and not for spoil.

So day by day and week by week,  
In sad and weary thought,  
They muse, whom God hath set to seek  
The souls His Christ hath bought.

For not upon a tranquil lake  
Our pleasant task we ply,  
Where all along our glistening wake  
The softest moonbeams lie;

*FIFTH AFTER TRINITY*

Where rippling wave and dashing oar  
Our midnight chant attend,  
Or whispering palm-leaves from the shore  
With midnight silence blend.

Sweet thoughts of peace, ye may not last.  
Too soon some ruder sound  
Calls us from where ye soar so fast  
Back to our earthly round.

For wildest storms our ocean sweep:—  
No anchor but the Cross  
Might hold: and oft the thankless deep  
Turns all our toil to loss.

Full many a dreary anxious hour  
We watch our nets alone  
In drenching spray, and driving shower,  
And hear the night-bird's moan:

At morn we look, and nought is there;  
Sad dawn of cheerless day!  
Who then from pining and despair  
The sickening heart can stay?

There is a stay—and we are strong;  
Our Master is at hand,  
To cheer our solitary song,  
And guide us to the strand,

## FIFTH AFTER TRINITY

In His own time: but yet awhile  
Our bark at sea must ride:  
Cast after cast, by force or guile  
All waters must be tried:

By blameless guile or gentle force,  
As when he deign'd to teach  
(The lode-star of our Christian course)  
Upon this sacred beach.

Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace  
Triumph by our weak arm,  
Let not our sinful fancy trace  
Aught human in the charm:

To our own nets<sup>1</sup> ne'er bow we down,  
Lest on the eternal shore  
The angels, while our draught they own,<sup>2</sup>  
Reject us evermore:

Or, if for our unworthiness  
Toil, prayer, and watching fail,  
In disappointment Thou canst bless,  
So love at heart prevail.

<sup>1</sup> They sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag.—Habakkuk i. 16.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matthew xiii. 49.

## Sixth Sunday after Trinity

David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord.  
And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away  
thy sin; thou shalt not die. — 2 Samuel xii. 13.

When bitter thoughts, of conscience  
born,  
With sinners wake at morn,  
When from our restless couch we start,  
With fever'd lips and wither'd heart,  
Where is the spell to charm those mists  
away,  
And make new morning in that darksome  
day? \*

One draught of spring's delicious air,  
One stedfast thought, that God is there.

These are Thy wonders, hourly wrought,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou Lord of time and thought,  
Lifting and lowering souls at will,  
Crowding a world of good or ill  
Into a moment's vision; even as light  
Mounts o'er a cloudy ridge, and all is  
bright,

<sup>1</sup> See *Herbert's Poems*, p. 160.

SIXTH AFTER TRINITY

From west to east one thrilling ray  
Turning a wintry world to May.

Wouldst thou the pangs of guilt  
assuage?

Lo! here an open page,  
Where heavenly mercy shines as free,  
Written in balm, sad heart, for thee.

Never so fast, in silent April shower,  
Flush'd into green the dry and leafless  
bower,<sup>1</sup>

As Israel's crowned mourner felt  
The dull hard stone within him melt.

The absolver saw the mighty grief,  
And hasten'd with relief;—  
“The Lord forgives; thou shalt not die”;  
“T was gently spoke, yet heard on high,  
And all the band of angels, us'd to sing  
In heaven, accordant to his raptur'd string,  
Who many a month had turn'd away  
With veiled eyes, nor own'd his lay,

Now spread their wings, and throng  
around

To the glad mournful sound,  
And welcome, with bright open face,  
The broken heart to love's embrace.

<sup>1</sup> And all this leafless and uncolour'd scene  
Shall flush into variety again. *Cowper.*

## SIXTH AFTER TRINITY

The rock is smitten, and to future years  
Springs ever fresh the tide of holy tears<sup>1</sup>  
And holy music, whispering peace  
Till time and sin together cease.

There drink; and when ye are at rest,  
With that free Spirit blest,<sup>2</sup>  
Who to the contrite can dispense  
The princely heart of innocence,  
If ever, floating from faint earthly lyre,  
Was wafted to your soul one high desire,  
By all the trembling hope ye feel,  
Think on the minstrel as ye kneel:

Think on the shame, that dreadful hour  
When tears shall have no power,  
Should his own lay th' accuser prove,  
Cold while he kindled others' love:  
And let your prayer for charity arise,  
That his own heart may hear his melodies,  
And a true voice to him may cry,  
"Thy GOD forgives—thou shalt not die".

<sup>1</sup> The fifty-first Psalm.

<sup>2</sup> Ps. li. 12: "Uphold me with thy *free* Spirit". The original word seems to mean "ingenuous, princely, noble". Read Bishop Horne's Paraphrase on the verse.

## Seventh Sunday after Trinity

From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread  
here in the wilderness?—St. Mark viii. 4.

Go not away, thou weary soul:  
Heaven has in store a precious dole  
Here on Bethsaida's cold and darksome  
height,  
Where over rocks and sands arise  
Proud Sirion in the northern skies,  
And Tabor's lonely peak, 'twixt thee and  
noon-day light.

And far below, Gennesaret's main  
Spreads many a mile of liquid plain  
(Though all seem gather'd in one eager  
bound),  
Then narrowing cleaves yon palmy lea,  
Towards that deep sulphureous sea,  
Where 'five proud cities lie, by one dire  
sentence drown'd.

Landscape of fear! yet, weary heart,  
Thou need'st not in thy gloom depart,

SEVENTH AFTER TRINITY

Nor fainting turn to seek thy distant  
home:

Sweetly thy sickening throbs are ey'd  
By the kind Saviour at thy side;  
For healing and for balm even now thine  
hour is come.

No fiery wing is seen to glide,  
No cates ambrosial are supplied,  
But one poor fisher's rude and scanty  
store  
Is all He asks (and more than needs)  
Who men and angels daily feeds,  
And stills the wailing sea-bird on the  
hungry shore.

The feast is o'er, the guests are gone,  
And over all that upland lone  
The breeze of eve sweeps wildly as of  
old—  
But far unlike the former dreams,  
The heart's sweet moonlight softly  
gleams  
Upon life's varied view, so joyless erst  
and cold.

As mountain travellers in the night,  
When heaven by fits is dark and bright,  
Pause listening on the silent heath, and  
hear

SEVENTH AFTER TRINITY

Nor trampling hoof nor tinkling bell,  
Then bolder scale the rugged fell,  
Conscious the more of One, ne'er seen,  
yet ever near:

So when the tones of rapture gay  
On the lorn ear, die quite away,  
The lonely world seems lifted nearer  
heaven;  
Seen daily, yet unmark'd before,  
Earth's common paths are strewn all o'er  
With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath  
of man forgiven.

The low sweet tones of Nature's lyre  
No more on listless ears expire,  
Nor vainly smiles along the shady way  
The primrose in her vernal nest,  
Nor unlamented sink to rest  
Sweet roses one by one, nor autumn leaves  
decay.

There's not a star the heaven can show,  
There's not a cottage hearth below,  
But feeds with solace kind the willing  
soul—  
Men love us, or they need our love;  
Freely they own, or heedless prove  
The curse of lawless hearts, the joy of  
self-control.

SEVENTH AFTER TRINITY

Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,  
Nor by the wayside lingering weep,  
Nor fear to seek Him farther in the wild,  
Whose love can turn earth's worst and  
least  
Into a conqueror's royal feast:  
Thou wilt not be untrue, thou shalt not  
be beguil'd.

## Eighth Sunday after Trinity



It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word  
of the Lord.—1 Kings xiii. 25.

Prophet of God, arise and take  
With thee the words of wrath divine,  
The scourge of Heaven, to shake  
O'er yon apostate shrine.

Where Angels down the lucid stair  
Came hovering to our sainted sires,  
Now, in the twilight, glare  
The heathen's wizard fires.

Go, with thy voice the altar rend,  
Scatter the ashes, be the arm,  
That idols would befriend,  
Shrunk at thy withering charm.

Then turn thee, for thy time is short,  
But trace not o'er the former way,  
Lest idol pleasures court  
Thy heedless soul astray.

EIGHTH AFTER TRINITY

Thou know'st how hard to hurry by,  
Where on the lonely woodland road  
Beneath the moonlight sky  
The festal warblings flow'd;

Where maidens to the Queen of Heaven  
Wove the gay dance round oak or palm,  
Or breath'd their vows at even  
In hymns as soft as balm.

Or thee, perchance, a darker spell  
Enthralls: the smooth stones of the flood,<sup>1</sup>  
By mountain grot or fell,  
Pollute with infant's blood;

The giant altar on the rock,  
The cavern whence the timbrel's call  
Affrights the wandering flock:—  
Thou long'st to search them all.

Trust not the dangerous path again—  
O forward step and lingering will!  
O lov'd and warn'd in vain!  
And wilt thou perish still?

Thy message given, thine home in sight,  
To the forbidden feast return?  
Yield to the false delight  
Thy better soul could spurn?

<sup>1</sup> Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion:  
they, they are thy lot.—Isaiah lvii. 6.

*EIGHTH AFTER TRINITY*

Aias, my brother! round thy tomb  
In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,  
    We read the Pastor's doom  
    Who speaks and will not hear.

The grey-hair'd saint may fail at last,  
The surest guide a wanderer prove;  
    Death only binds us fast  
    To the bright shore of love.

## Ninth Sunday after Trinity

And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice. — Kings xix. 12.

In troublous days of anguish and rebuke,  
While sadly round them Israel's children  
look,  
And their eyes fail for waiting on their  
Lord:  
While underneath each awful arch of  
green,  
On every mountain top, God's chosen  
scene  
Of pure heart-worship, Baal is ador'd:  
'Tis well, true hearts should for a time  
retire  
To holy ground, in quiet to aspire  
Towards promis'd regions of serener  
grace;  
On Horeb, with Elijah, let us lie,  
Where all around on mountain, sand,  
and sky,  
God's chariot-wheels have left distinctest  
trace:

## NINTH AFTER TRINITY

There, if in jealousy and strong disdain  
We to the sinner's God of sin complain,  
Untimely seeking here the peace of  
Heaven—  
“It is enough, O Lord! now let me die  
Even as my fathers did: for what am I  
That I should stand, where they have  
vainly striven?”—

Perhaps our God may of our conscience  
ask,  
“What doest thou here, frail wanderer  
from thy task?  
Where hast thou left those few sheep in  
the wild?”<sup>1</sup>  
Then should we plead our heart's con-  
suming pain,  
At sight of ruin'd altars, prophets slain,  
And God's own ark with blood of souls  
defil'd;

He on the rock may bid us stand, and  
see  
The outskirts of His march of mystery,  
His endless warfare with man's wilful  
heart;  
First, His great Power He to the sinner  
shows,

<sup>1</sup> 1 Samuel xvii. 28.

NINTH AFTER TRINITY

Lo! at His angry blast the rocks unclose,  
And to their base the trembling moun-  
tains, part:

Yet the Lord is not here: 'tis not by  
Power  
He will be known—but darker tempests  
lower;  
Still, sullen heavings vex the labouring  
ground:  
Perhaps His Presence thro' all depth and  
height,  
Best of all gems, that deck His crown of  
light,  
The haughty eye may dazzle and con-  
found.

God is not in the earthquake; but behold  
From Sinai's caves are bursting, as of old,  
The flames of His consuming jealous  
ire.

Woe to the sinner, should stern Justice  
prove  
His chosen attribute;—but He in love  
Hastes to proclaim, “God is not in the  
fire.”

The storm is o'er—and hark! a still small  
voice  
Steals on the ear, to say, Jehovah's choice

NINTH AFTER TRINITY

Is ever with the soft, meek, tender soul:  
By soft, meek, tender ways He loves to  
draw

The sinner, startled by His ways of awe:  
Here is our Lord, and not where  
thunders roll.

Back then, complainer; loath thy life no  
more,

Nor deem thyself upon a desert shore,  
Because the rocks the nearer prospect  
close.

Yet in fallen Israel are there hearts and  
eyes

That day by day in prayer like thine arise:  
Thou know'st them not, but their Creator  
knows.

Go, to the world return, nor fear to cast  
Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last<sup>1</sup>  
In joy to find it after many days.

The work be thine, the fruit thy children's  
part:

Choose to believe, not see: sight tempts  
the heart

From sober walking in true Gospel  
ways.

<sup>1</sup> Ecclesiastes xi. 1.

## Tenth Sunday after Trinity

And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it.—St. Luke xix. 41.

Why doth my Saviour weep  
At sight of Sion's bowers?  
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,  
Her gorgeous crown of towers?  
Mark well His holy pains:  
\* 'Tis not in pride or scorn,  
That Israel's King with sorrow stains  
His own triumphal morn.

It is not that His soul  
Is wandering sadly on,  
In thought how soon at death's dark goal  
Their course will all be run,  
Who now are shouting round  
Hosanna to their chief;  
No thought like this in Him is found,  
This were a Conqueror's grief.<sup>1</sup>

Or doth He feel the Cross  
Already in His heart,  
The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss?  
Feel even His God depart?

<sup>1</sup> Compare Herod. vii. 46.

## TENTH AFTER TRINITY

No: though He knew full well  
The grief that then shall be—  
The grief that angels cannot tell—  
Our God in agony.

It is not thus He mourns;  
Such might be Martyr's tears,  
When his last lingering look he turns  
On human hopes and fears;  
But hero ne'er or saint  
The secret load might know,  
With which His spirit waxeth faint;  
His is a Saviour's woe.

“If thou hadst known, even thou,  
At least in this thy day,  
The message of thy peace! but now  
‘T is pass'd for aye away:  
Now foes shall trench thee round,  
And lay thee even with earth,  
And dash thy children to the ground,  
Thy glory and thy mirth.”

And doth the Saviour weep  
Over His people's sin,  
Because we will not let Him keep  
The souls He died to win?  
Ye hearts, that love the Lord,  
If at this sight ye burn,  
See that in thought, in deed, in word,  
Ye hate what made Him mourn.

## Eleventh Sunday after Trinity



Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments,  
and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and  
menservants, and maidservants?—2 Kings v. 16.

Is this a time to plant and build,  
Add house to house, and field to field,  
When round our walls the battle lowers,  
When mines are hid beneath our towers,  
And watchful foes are stealing round  
To search and spoil the holy ground?

Is this a time for moonlight dreams  
Of love and home by mazy streams,  
For Fancy with her shadowy toys,  
Aerial hopes and pensive joys,  
While souls are wandering far and wide  
And curses swarm on every side?

No—rather steel thy melting heart  
To act the martyr's sternest part,  
To watch, with firm unshrinking eye,  
Thy darling visions as they die,  
Till all bright hopes, and hues of day,  
Have faded into twilight gray.

## ELEVENTH AFTER TRINITY

Yes—let them pass without a sigh,  
And if the world seem dull and dry,  
If long and sad thy lonely hours,  
And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers,  
Bethink thee what thou art and where,  
A sinner in a life of care.

The fire of God is soon to fall  
(Thou know'st it) on this earthly ball;  
Full many a soul, the price of blood,  
Mark'd by th' Almighty's hand for good,  
To utter death that hour shall sweep—  
And will the Saints in Heaven dare weep?

Then in His wrath shall God uproot  
The trees He set, for lack of fruit,  
And drown in rude tempestuous blaze  
The towers His hand had deign'd to raise;  
In silence, ere that storm begin,  
Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart,  
From visions vain content to part,  
Strong for Love's sake its woe to hide  
May cheerful wait the Cross beside,  
Too happy if, that dreadful day,  
Thy life be given thee for a prey.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Lord saith thus: Behold, that which I have built will I break down, and that which I have planted I will pluck up, even this whole land. And seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not: for, behold, I will bring

ELEVENTH AFTER TRINITY

Snatch'd sudden from th' avenging rod,  
Safe in the bosom of thy GOD,  
How wilt thou then look back, and smile  
On thoughts that bitterest seem'd erewhile,  
And bless the pangs that made thee see  
This was no world of rest for thee!

evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord; but thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places whither thou goest.—  
Jeremiah xlv. 4, 5.

## Twelfth Sunday after Trinity

And looking up to Heaven, He sighed, and saith unto him, Epi phatha, that is, Be opened.—St. Mark vii. 34.

The Son of God in doing good

Was fain to look to Heaven and sigh:

And shall the heirs of sinful blood

Seek joy unmix'd in charity?

God will not let Love's work impart

Full solace, lest it steal the heart;

Be thou content in tears to sow,

Blessing, like Jesus, in thy woe:

He look'd to Heaven, and sadly sigh'd—

What saw my gracious Saviour there,  
With fear and anguish to divide

The joy of Heaven-accepted prayer?

So o'er the bed where Lazarus slept

He to His Father groan'd and wept:

What saw He mournful in that grave,

Knowing Himself so strong to save?

O'erwhelming thoughts of pain and grief

Over his sinking spirit sweep;—

“What boots it gathering one lost leaf

Out of yon sere and wither'd heap,

*TWELFTH AFTER TRINITY*

Where souls and bodies, hopes and joys,  
All that earth owns or sin destroys,  
Under the spurning hoof are cast,  
Or tossing in th' autumnal blast?"

The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,  
The fetter'd tongue its chain may break;  
But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,  
The laggard soul, that will not wake,  
The guilt that scorns to be forgiven;—  
These baffle e'en the spells of Heaven;  
In thought of these, His brows benign  
Not even in healing cloudless shine.

No eye but His might ever bear  
To gaze all down that drear abyss,  
Because none ever saw so clear  
The shore beyond of endless bliss:  
The giddy waves so restless hurl'd,  
The vex'd pulse of this feverish world,  
He views and counts with steady sight,  
Used to behold the Infinite.

But that in such communion high  
He hath a fount of strength within,  
Sure His meek heart would break and  
die,  
O'erburthen'd by His brethren's sin;  
Weak eyes on darkness dare not gaze,  
It dazzles like the noon-day blaze;

*TWELFTH AFTER TRINITY*

But He who sees God's face may brook  
On the true face of Sin to look.

What then shall wretched sinners do,  
When in their last, their hopeless day,  
Sin, as it is, shall meet their view,  
God turn His face for aye away?

Lord, by Thy sad and earnest eye,  
When Thou didst look to Heaven and sigh;  
Thy voice, that with a word could chase  
The dumb, deaf spirit from his place;

As Thou has touch'd our ears, and taught  
Our tongues to speak Thy praises plain,  
Quell Thou each thankless godless thought  
That would make fast our bonds again.  
From worldly strife, from mirth unblest,  
Drowning Thy music in the breast,  
From foul reproach, from thrilling fears,  
Preserve, good Lord, thy servants' ears.

From idle words, that restless throng  
And haunt our hearts when we would  
pray,  
From Pride's false chime, and jarring  
wrong,  
Seal thou my lips, and guard the way:  
For Thou hast sworn, that every ear,  
Willing or loth, Thy trump shalt hear,  
And every tongue unchained be  
To own no hope, no God, but Thee.

## Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity

And He turned Him unto His disciples, and said privately, Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see: for I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them: and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them.  
—St. Luke x. 23, 24.

On Sinai's top, in prayer and trance,  
Full forty nights and forty days  
The Prophet watch'd for one dear glance  
Of Thee and of Thy ways:

Fasting he watch'd and all alone,  
Wrapt in a still, dark, solid cloud,  
The curtain of the Holy One  
Drawn round him like a shroud:

So, separate from the world, his breast  
Might duly take and strongly keep  
The print of Heaven, to be express'd  
Ere long on Sion's steep.<sup>1</sup>

There one by one his spirit saw  
Of things divine the shadows bright,  
The pageant of God's perfect law;  
Yet felt not full delight.

<sup>1</sup> See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount.—Hebrews viii. 5.

THIRTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

Through gold and gems, a dazzling maze,  
From veil to veil the vision led,  
And ended, where unearthly rays  
From o'er the ark were shed.

Yet not that gorgeous place, nor aught  
Of human or angelic frame,  
Could half appease his craving thought;  
The void was still the same.

“Show me Thy glory, gracious Lord!  
‘Tis Thee,” he cries, “not Thine, I  
seek.”<sup>1</sup>—

Nay, start not at so bold a word  
From man, frail worm and weak:

The spark of his first deathless fire  
Yet buoys him up, and high above  
The holiest creature, dares aspire  
To the Creator’s love.

The eye in smiles may wander round,  
Caught by earth’s shadows as they fleet;  
But for the soul no help is found,  
Save Him who made it, meet.

Spite of yourselves, ye witness this,<sup>2</sup>  
Who blindly self or sense adore;

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xxxiii. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Pensees de Pascal, part 1. art. viii.

THIRTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

Else wherefore leaving your own bliss  
Still restless ask ye more?

This witness bore the saints of old  
When highest rapt and favour'd most,  
Still seeking precious things untold,  
Not in fruition lost.

Canaan was theirs, and in it all  
The proudest hope of kings dare claim;  
Sion was theirs; and at their call  
Fire from Jehovah came.

Yet monarchs walk'd as pilgrims still  
In their own land, earth's pride and  
grace;  
And seers would mourn on Sion's hill  
Their Lord's averted face.

Vainly they tried the deeps to sound  
Even of their own prophetic thought,  
When of Christ crucified and crown'd  
His Spirit in them taught:

But He their aching gaze repress'd  
Which sought behind the veil to see,  
For not without us fully bless'd<sup>1</sup>  
Or perfect might they be.

<sup>1</sup> That they without us should not be made perfect.  
—Hebrews xi. 40.

## THIRTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

The rays of the Almighty's face  
No sinner's eye might then receive;  
Only the meekest man found grace<sup>1</sup>  
To see His skirts and live.

But we as in a glass espy  
The glory of His countenance,  
Not in a whirlwind hurrying by  
The too presumptuous glance,

But with mild radiance every hour,  
From our dear Saviour's face benign  
Bent on us with transforming power,  
Till we, too, faintly shine.

Sprinkled with His atoning blood  
Safely before our God we stand,  
As on the rock the Prophet stood,  
Beneath His shadowing hand.—

Bless'd eyes, which see the things we see!  
And yet this tree of life hath prov'd  
To many a soul a poison tree,  
Beheld, and not belov'd.

So like an angel's is our bliss  
(Oh! thought to comfort and appal)  
It needs must bring, if us'd amiss,  
An angel's hopeless fall.

<sup>1</sup> Exod. xxxiii. 20-23.

## Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity

And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger. — St. Luke xvii. 17, 18.

Ten cleans'd, and only one remain!  
Who would have thought our nature's  
stain  
Was dyed so foul, so deep in grain?  
Even He who reads the heart,—  
Knows what He gave and what we lost,  
Sin's forfeit, and redemption's cost,—  
By a short pang of wonder cross'd  
Seems at the sight to start:

Yet 'twas not wonder, but His love  
Our wavering spirits would reprove,  
That heaven-ward seem so free to move  
When earth can yield no more:  
Then from afar on God we cry;  
But should the mist of woe roll by,  
Not showers across an April sky  
Drift, when the storm is o'er,

FOURTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

Faster than those false drops and few  
Fleet from the heart, a worthless dew.  
What sadder scene can angels view  
    Than self-deceiving tears,  
Pour'd idly over some dark page  
Of earlier life, though pride or rage  
The record of to-day engage,  
    A woe for future years?

Spirits, that round the sick man's bed  
Watch'd, noting down each prayer he  
    made,  
Were your unerring roll display'd,  
    His pride of health t' abase;  
Or, when soft showers in season fall  
Answering a famish'd nation's call,  
Should unseen fingers on the wall  
    Our vows forgotten trace;

How should we gaze in trance of fear!  
Yet shines the light as thrilling clear  
From Heaven upon that scroll severe,  
    "Ten cleans'd and one remain!"  
Nor surer would the blessing prove  
Of humbled hearts, that own Thy love,  
Should choral welcome from above  
    Visit our senses plain:

*FOURTEENTH AFTER TRINITY*

Than by Thy placid voice and brow,  
With healing first, with comfort now,  
Turn'd upon him, who hastes to bow  
    Before Thee, heart and knee;  
“Oh! thou who only wouldest be blest,  
On thee alone My blessing rest!  
Rise, go thy way in peace, possess'd  
    For evermore of Me.”

## Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity



Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. — St.  
Matthew vi. 28.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,  
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,  
What more than magic in you lies,  
To fill the heart's fond view?  
In childhood's sports, companions gay,  
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,  
How soothing! in our last decay  
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,  
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,  
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours  
Of happy wanderers there.  
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,  
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!  
In Reason's world what storms are rife,  
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchang'd the while  
Your first and perfect form ye show,  
The same that won Eve's matron smile  
In the world's opening glow.

FIFTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

The stars of heaven a course are taught  
Too high above our human thought;  
Ye may be found if ye are sought,  
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,  
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,  
And guilty man, where'er he roams,  
Your innocent mirth may borrow.  
The birds of air before us fleet,  
They cannot brook our shame to meet—  
But we may taste your solace sweet  
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—  
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,  
Your silent lessons, undescribed  
By all but lowly eyes:  
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze  
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:  
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,  
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,  
As when He paus'd and own'd you good;  
His blessing on earth's primal bower,  
Ye felt it all renew'd.  
What care ye now, if winter's storm  
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?  
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,  
Ye fear no vexing mood.

FIFTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,  
That daily court you and caress,  
How few the happy secret find  
Of your calm loveliness!  
"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light  
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,  
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,  
And Heaven thy morn will bless."

## Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity

I desire that ye faint not at my tribulations for you, which is your glory.—*Ephesians iii. 13.*

Wish not, dear friends, my pain away—  
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,  
With God, in all my griefs, to stay,  
Nor from His lov'd correction start.

The dearest offering He can crave  
His portion in our souls to prove,  
What is it to the gift He gave,  
The only Son of His dear love?

But we, like vex'd unquiet sprights,  
Will still be hovering o'er the tomb,  
Where buried lie our vain delights,  
Nor sweetly take a sinner's doom.

In Life's long sickness evermore  
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro:  
We change our posture o'er and o'er,  
But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,  
Let Him strike home and bless the rod,  
Never so safe as when our will  
Yields undiscern'd by all but God?

*SIXTEENTH AFTER TRINITY*

Thy precious things, whate'er they be  
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,  
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see  
How thou mayest turn them all to gain.

Lovest thou praise? the Cross is shame:  
Or ease? the Cross is bitter grief:  
More pangs than tongue or heart can frame  
Were suffer'd there without relief.

We of that Altar would partake,  
But cannot quit the cost—no throne  
Is ours, to leave for Thy dear sake—  
We cannot do as Thou hast done.

We cannot part with Heaven for Thee—  
Yet guide us in Thy track of love:  
Let us gaze on where light should be,  
Though not a beam the clouds remove.

So wanderers ever fond and true  
Look homeward through the evening  
sky,  
Without a streak of heaven's soft blue  
To aid Affection's dreaming eye.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,  
And we will look and long for Thee,  
And thank Thee for each trying hour,  
Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

## Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity

Every man of the house of Israel that setteth up his idols in his heart, and putteth the stumbling-block of his iniquity before his face, and cometh to the Prophet; I the Lord will answer him that cometh according to the multitude of his idols.—Ezekiel xiv. 4.

Stately thy walls, and holy are the prayers  
Which day and night before thine altars  
rise;  
Not statelier, towering o'er her marble  
stairs,  
Flash'd Sion's gilded dome to summer  
skies,  
Not holier, while around him angels  
bow'd,  
From Aaron's censer steam'd the spicy  
cloud,

Before the mercy-seat. O Mother dear,  
Wilt thou forgive thy son one boding  
sigh?  
Forgive, if round thy towers he walk in  
fear,  
And tell thy jewels o'er with jealous  
eye?

## SEVENTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

Mindful of that sad vision, which in  
thought<sup>1</sup>

From Chebar's plains the captive prophet  
brought

To see lost Sion's shame. 'T was morning  
prime,

And like a Queen new seated on her  
throne,

God's crowned mountain, as in happier  
time,

Seem'd to rejoice in sunshine all her own:  
So bright, while all in shade around her  
lay,

Her northern pinnacles had caught th'  
emerging ray.

The dazzling lines of her majestic roof  
Cross'd with as free a span the vault  
of heaven,

As when twelve tribes knelt silently aloof  
Ere God His answer to their king had  
given,<sup>2</sup>

Ere yet upon the new-built altar fell  
The glory of the Lord, the Lord of Israel.

All seems the same: but enter in and see  
What idol shapes are on the wall pour-  
tray'd:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ezekiel viii. 3.    <sup>2</sup> 1 Kings viii. 5.    <sup>3</sup> Ezekiel viii. 10.

SEVENTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

And watch their shameless and unholy  
glee,

Who worship there in Aaron's robes  
array'd:

Hear Judah's maids the dirge to Thammuz  
pour,<sup>1</sup>

And mark her chiefs yon orient sun adore.<sup>2</sup>

Yet turn thee, son of man—for worse than  
these

Thou must behold: thy loathing were  
but lost

On dead men's crimes, and Jews' idola-  
tries—

Come, learn to tell aright thine own  
sins' cost,—

And sure their sin as far from equals  
thine,

As earthly hopes abus'd are less than  
hopes divine.

What if within His world, His Church,  
our LORD

Have enter'd thee, as in some temple  
gate,

Where, looking round, each glance might  
thee afford

Some glorious earnest of thine high  
estate,

<sup>1</sup> Ezekiel viii. 14.

<sup>2</sup> Ezekiel viii. 16.

SEVENTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

And thou, false heart and frail, hast  
turn'd from all  
To worship pleasure's shadow on the wall?

If, when the LORD of Glory was in sight,  
Thou turn thy back upon that fountain  
clear,  
To bow before the "little drop of light",  
Which dim-eyed men call praise and  
glory here;  
What dost thou, but adore the sun, and  
scorn  
Him at whose only word both sun and  
stars were born?

If, while around thee gales from Eden  
breath,  
Thou hide thine eyes, to make thy  
peevish moan  
Over some broken reed of earth beneath,  
Some darling of blind fancy dead and  
gone,  
As wisely mightst thou in JEHOVAH's fane.  
Offer thy love and tears to Thammuz slain.

Turn thee from these, or dare not to en-  
quire  
Of Him whose name is Jealous, lest in  
wrath  
He hear and answer thine unblest desire:

SEVENTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

Far better we should cross His light-  
ning's path  
Than be according to our idols heard,  
And God should take us at our own vain  
word.

Thou who hast deign'd the Christian's  
heart to call  
Thy Church and Shrine; whene'er our  
rebel will  
Would in that chosen home of Thine in-  
stal  
Belial or Mammon, grant us not the ill  
We blindly ask; in very love refuse  
Whate'er Thou know'st our weakness  
would abuse.

Or rather help us, LORD, to choose the  
good,  
To pray for nought, to seek to none,  
but Thee,  
Nor by "our daily bread" mean common  
food,  
Nor say, "From this world's evil set  
us free";  
Teach us to love, with CHRIST, our sole  
true bliss,  
Else, though in CHRIST's own words, we  
surely pray amiss.

## Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity

I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face. Like as I pleaded with your fathers in the wilderness of the land of Egypt, so will I plead with you, saith the Lord God. -- Ezekiel xx. 33, 36.

It is so—ope thine eyes, and see—  
What view'st thou all around?  
A desert, where iniquity  
And knowledge doth abound.

In the waste howling wilderness  
The Church is wandering still,<sup>1</sup>  
Because we would not onward press  
When close to Sion's hill.

Back to the world we faithless turn'd,  
And far along the wild,  
With labour lost and sorrow earn'd,  
Our steps have been beguil'd.

Yet full before us, all the while,  
The shadowing pillar stays,  
The living waters brightly smile,  
Th' eternal turrets blaze.

Revelation xii. 14.

*EIGHTEENTH AFTER TRINITY*

Yet Heaven is raining angel's bread  
To be our daily food,  
And fresh, as when it first was shed,  
Springs forth the SAVIOUR's blood.

From every region, race, and speech,  
Believing myriads throng,  
Till, far as sin and sorrow reach,  
Thy grace is spread along;

Till sweetest nature, brightest art,  
Their votive incense bring,  
And every voice and every heart  
Own Thee their God and King.

All own; but few, alas! will love;  
Too like the recreant band  
That with Thy patient Spirit strove  
Upon the Red-sea strand.

O Father of long-suffering grace,  
Thou who hast sworn to stay  
Pleading with sinners face to face  
Through all their devious way;

How shall we speak to Thee, O LORD,  
Or how in silence lie?  
Look on us, and we are abhor'd,  
Turn from us, and we die.

## EIGHTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

Thy guardian fire, Thy guiding cloud,  
Still let them gild our wall,  
Nor be our foes and Thine allow'd  
To see us faint and fall.

Too oft, within this camp of Thine,  
Rebellious murmurs rise;  
Sin cannot bear to see Thee shine  
So awful to her eyes.

Fain would our lawless hearts escape,  
And with the heathen be,  
To worship every monstrous shape  
In fancied darkness free.

Vain thought, that shall not be at all!<sup>1</sup>  
Refuse we or obey,  
Our ears have heard th' Almighty's call,  
We cannot be as they.

We cannot hope the heathen's doom  
To whom God's Son is given,  
Whose eyes have seen beyond the tomb,  
Who have the key of Heaven.

Weak tremblers on the edge of woe,  
Yet shrinking from true bliss,  
Our rest must be "no rest below",  
And let our prayer be this:

<sup>1</sup> That which cometh into your mind shall not be at all, that ye say, We will be as the heathen, as the families of the countries, to serve wood and stone.—E. kiel xx. 32.

EIGHTEENTH AFTER TRINITY

“LORD, wave again Thy chastening rod,  
Till every idol throne  
Crumble to dust, and Thou, O GOD,  
Reign in our hearts alone.

“Bring all our wandering fancies home,  
For Thou hast every spell,  
And 'mid the heathen where they roam,  
Thou knowest, LORD, too well.

“Thou know'st our service sad and hard,  
Thou know'st us fond and frail;—  
Win us to be belov'd and spar'd  
When all the world shall fail.

“So when at last our weary days  
Are well-nigh wasted here,  
And we can trace Thy wondrous ways  
In distance calm and clear,

“When in Thy love and Israel's sin  
We read our story true,  
We may not, all too late, begin  
To wish our hopes were new:

“Long lov'd, long tried, long spar'd as  
they,  
Unlike in this alone,  
That, by Thy grace, our hearts shall stay  
For evermore Thine own.”

Nineteenth  
Sunday  
after Trinity

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the son of God.—Daniel iii. 24, 25.

When Persecution's torrent blaze  
Wraps the unshrinking Martyr's head;  
When fade all earthly flowers and bays,  
When summer friends are gone and fled,  
Is he alone in that dark hour  
Who owns the Lord of love and power?

Or waves there not around his brow  
A wand no human arm may wield,  
Fraught with a spell no angels know,  
His steps to guide, his soul to shield?  
Thou, Saviour, art his Charmed Bower,  
His Magic Ring, his Rock, his Tower.

And when the wicked ones behold  
Thy favourites walking in Thy light,

NINETEENTH AFTER TRINITY

Just as, in fancied triumph bold,  
They deem'd them lost in deadly night,  
Amaz'd they cry, "What spell is this,  
Which turns their sufferings all to bliss?

"How are they free whom we had bound,  
Upright, whom in the gulf we cast?  
What wondrous helper have they found  
To screen them from the scorching  
blast?  
Three were they—who hath made them  
four?  
And sure a form divine he wore,

"Even like the Son of God." So cried  
The Tyrant, when in one fierce flame  
The Martyrs liv'd, the murderers died:  
Yet knew he not what angel came  
To make the rushing fire-flood seem  
Like summer breeze by woodland stream.<sup>1</sup>

He knew not, but there are who know:  
The Matron, who alone hath stood,  
When not a prop seem'd left below,  
The first lorn hour of widowhood,  
Yet cheer'd and cheering all, the while,  
With sad but unaffected smile;—

<sup>1</sup> As it had been a moist whistling wind.—Song of the  
Three Children, ver. 27.

## NINETEENTH AFTER TRINITY

The Father, who his vigil keeps  
By the sad couch whence hope hath  
flown,  
Watching the eye where reason sleeps,  
Yet in his heart can mercy own,  
Still sweetly yielding to the rod,  
Still loving man, still thanking God;—

The Christian Pastor, bow'd to earth  
With thankless toil, and vile esteem'd,  
Still travailing in second birth  
Of souls that will not be redeem'd,  
Yet stedfast set to do his part,  
And fearing most his own vain heart;—

These know: on these look long and well,  
Cleansing thy sight by prayer and faith,  
And thou shalt know what secret spell  
Preserves them in their living death:  
Through sevenfold flames thine eye shall  
see  
The Saviour walking with His faithful  
Three.

## Twentieth Sunday after Trinity

Hear, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth.—Micah vi. 5.

Where is thy favour'd haunt, eternal Voice,  
The region of Thy choice,  
Where, undisturb'd by sin and earth, the soul  
Owns Thy entire control?—  
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,  
When storms are hurrying by:  
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,  
Where torrents have their birth.

No sounds of worldly toil ascending there,  
Mark the full burst of prayer;  
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,  
And round us and beneath  
Are heard her sacred tones: the fitful sweep  
Of winds across the steep,

*TWENTIETH AFTER TRINITY*

Through wither'd bents—romantic note  
and clear,  
Meet for a hermit's ear,—

The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,  
And, scarcely heard so high,  
The dashing waters when the air is still  
From many a torrent rill  
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy  
fell,  
Track'd by the blue mist well:  
Such sounds as make deep silence in the  
heart  
For Thought to do her part.

'T is then we hear the voice of GOD within,  
Pleading with care and sin:  
"Child of My love! how have I wearied  
thee?  
Why wilt thou err from Me?  
Have I not brought thee from the house  
of slaves,  
Parted the drowning waves,  
And set My saints before thee in the way,  
Lest thou shouldst faint or stray?

"What! was the promise made to thee  
alone?  
Art thou th' excepted one?

TWENTIETH AFTER TRINITY

An heir of glory without grief or pain?  
O vision false and vain!  
There lies thy cross; beneath it meekly  
bow;  
It fits thy stature now:  
Who scornful pass it with averted eye,  
'T will crush them by and by.

"Raise thy repining eyes, and take true  
measure  
Of thine eternal treasure;  
The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee  
nought,  
The world for thee was bought,  
And as this landscape broad—earth, sea,  
and sky,—  
All centres in thine eye,  
So all God does, if rightly understood,  
Shall work thy final good."

## Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity

The vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.—Habakkuk ii. 3.

The morning mist is clear'd away,  
Yet still the face of heaven is gray,  
Nor yet th' autumnal breeze has stirr'd  
the grove,  
Faded yet full, a paler green  
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene,  
The red-breast warbles round this leafy  
cove.

Sweet messenger of "calm decay",  
Saluting sorrow as you may,  
As one still bent to find or make the best,  
In thee, and in this quiet mead,  
The lesson of sweet peace I read,  
Rather in all to be resign'd than blest.

'Tis a low chant, according well  
With the soft solitary knell,  
As homeward from some grave belov'd we  
turn,

## TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY

Or by some holy death-bed dear,  
Most welcome to the chasten'd ear  
Of her whom Heaven is teaching how to  
mourn.

O cheerful tender strain! the heart  
That duly bears with you its part,  
Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,  
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,  
And on the world's autumnal time,  
'Mid wither'd hues and sere, its lot be cast:

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,  
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,<sup>1</sup>  
Th' appalling Future as it nearer draws:  
His spirit calm'd the storm to meet,  
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,  
And tracing through the cloud th' eternal  
Cause.

That is the heart for watchman true  
Waiting to see what GOD will do,  
As o'er the Church the gathering twilight  
falls:  
No more he strains his wistful eye,  
If chance the golden hours be nigh,  
By youthful Hope seen beaming round her  
walls.

<sup>1</sup> It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark.—Zechariah xiv. 6.

### AFTER TRINITY

Forc'd from his shadowy paradise,  
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier  
rise:

There seek his answer when the world  
reproves:

Contented in his darkling round,  
If only he be faithful found,  
When from the east th' eternal morning  
moves.

*Note: The expression, "calm decay", is  
borrowed from a friend: by whose kind per-  
mission the following stanzas are here inserted.*

### TO THE RED-BREAST

Unheard in summer's flaring ray,  
Pour forth thy notes, sweet singer,  
Wooing the stillness of the autumn day:  
Bid it a moment linger,  
Nor fly

Too soon from winter's scowling eye.

The blackbird's song at even tide,  
And hers, who gay ascends,  
Filling the heavens far and wide,  
Are sweet. But none so blends,  
As thine,  
With calm decay, and peace divine.

## Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity

Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?—St. Matthew xviii. 21.

What liberty so glad and gay,  
As where the mountain boy,  
Reckless of regions far away,  
A prisoner lives in joy?

The dreary sounds of crowded earth,  
The cries of camp or town,  
Never untun'd his lonely mirth,  
Nor drew his visions down.

The snow-clad peaks of rosy light  
That meet his morning view,  
The thwarting cliffs that bound his sight,  
They bound his fancy too.

Two ways alone his roving eye  
For aye may onward go,  
Or in the azure deep on high,  
Or darksome mere below.

*TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY*

O blest restraint! more blessed range!  
Too soon the happy child  
His nook of homely thought will change  
For life's seducing wild:

Too soon his alter'd day-dreams show  
This earth a boundless space,  
With sun-bright pleasures to and fro  
Sporting in joyous race:

While of his narrowing heart each year,  
Heaven less and less will fill,  
Less keenly, through his grosser ear,  
The tones of mercy thrill.

It must be so: else wherefore falls  
The Saviour's voice unheard,  
While from His pard'ning Cross He calls,  
"O spare as I have spar'd"?

By our own niggard rule we try  
The hope to suppliants given;  
We mete out love, as if our eye  
Saw to the end of heaven.

Yes, ransom'd sinner! wouldest thou know  
How often to forgive,  
How dearly to embrace thy foe,  
Look where thou hop'st to live;

*TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY*

When thou hast told those isles of light,  
And fancied all beyond,  
Whatever owns, in depth or height,  
Creation's wondrous bond;

Then in their solemn pageant learn  
Sweet mercy's praise to see:  
Their Lord resign'd them all, to earn  
The bliss of pardoning thee.

Twenty-Third  
Sunday  
after Trinity



Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.  
—Philippians iii. 21.

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,  
The line of yellow light dies fast away  
That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill  
and dun  
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tir'd hunter winds a parting note,  
And Echo bids good-night from every  
glade;  
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves  
float  
Each to his rest beneath their parent  
shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!  
And yet no second spring have they in  
store,  
But where they fall, forgotten to abide  
Is all their portion, and they ask no  
more.

*TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY*

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,  
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,  
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,  
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,  
In all the world of busy life around  
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky  
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—  
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part  
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin  
and stain,  
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblam'd his murmuring voice  
Might sound in Heaven, were all his second life  
Only the first renew'd—the heathen's choice,  
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

AFTER TRINITY

For dreary were this earth, if earth were  
all,

Though brighten'd oft by dear affection's  
kiss,—

Who for the spangles wears the funeral  
pall?

But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis  
bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and  
heart,

Whether slow creeping on cold earth,  
or borne

On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart  
O'er wave or field: yet breezes laugh to  
scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in  
heaven,

And fish, like living shafts that pierce  
the main,

And stars that shoot through freezing air  
at even—

Who but would follow, might he break  
his chain?

And thou shalt break it soon; the grovel-  
ling worm

Shall find his wings, and soar as fast  
and free

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY

As his transfigur'd Lord with lightning  
form  
And snowy vest—such grace He won  
for thee,

When from the grave He sprung at dawn  
of morn,  
And led through boundless air thy con-  
quering road,  
Leaving a glorious track, where saints,  
new-born,  
Might fearless follow to their blest  
abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast  
The world's rude furnace must thy blood  
refine,  
And many a gale of keenest woe be pass'd,  
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine,

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,  
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus  
given.  
He who the stormy heart can so control,  
The laggard body soon will waft to  
Heaven.

## Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Trinity

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger  
doth not intermeddle with his joy.—Proverbs xiv. 19.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,  
Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd,  
    we die,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our  
    own,  
Knows half the reasons why we smile  
    and sigh?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe  
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range  
    apart,  
Our eyes see all around in gloom or  
    glow—  
Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from  
    the heart.

And well it is for us our God should feel  
    Alone our secret throbings: so our  
    prayer

<sup>1</sup> Je mourrai seul.—*Pascal.*

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY

May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend  
its zeal  
On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy  
Beat with another, answering love for  
love,  
Weak mortals, all entranc'd, on earth  
would lie,  
Nor listen for those pure strains above.

Or what if Heaven for once its searching  
light  
Lent to some partial eye, disclosing all  
The rude bad thoughts, that in our bosom's  
night  
Wander at large, nor heed Love's gentle  
thrall?

Who would not shun the dreary uncouth  
place?  
As if, fond leaning where her infant slept,  
A mother's arm a serpent should embrace:  
So might we friendless live, and die un-  
wept.

Then keep the softening veil in mercy  
drawn,  
Thou who canst love us, tho' Thou read  
us true;

## AFTER TRINITY

As on the bosom of th' aerial lawn  
Melts in dim haze each coarse ungentle  
hue.

So too may soothing Hope thy leave enjoy  
Sweet visions of long sever'd hearts to  
frame:  
Though absence may impair, or cares  
annoy,  
Some constant mind may draw us still  
the same.

We in dark dreams are tossing to and fro,  
Pine with regret, or sicken with despair,  
The while she bathes us in her own chaste  
glow,  
And with our memory wings her own  
fond prayer.

O bliss of child-like innocence, and love  
Tried to old age! creative power to win,  
And raise new worlds, where happy fancies  
rove,  
Forgetting quite this grosser world of  
sin.

Bright are their dreams, because their  
thoughts are clear,  
Their memory cheering: but th' earth-  
stained sprite,

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY

Whose wakeful musings are of guilt and  
fear,  
Must hover nearer earth, and less in  
light.

Farewell, for her, th' ideal scenes so fair—  
Yet not farewell her hope, since Thou  
hast deign'd,  
Creator of all hearts! to own and share  
The woe of what Thou mad'st, and we  
have stain'd.

Thou know'st our bitterness—our joys are  
thine—<sup>1</sup>  
No stranger Thou to all our wanderings  
wild:  
Nor could we bear to think, how every  
line  
Of us, thy darken'd likeness and defil'd,

Stands in full sunshine of Thy piercing  
eye,  
But that Thou call'st us Brethren: sweet  
repose  
Is in that word—the LORD who dwells on  
high  
Knows all, yet loves us better than He  
knows.

<sup>1</sup> Thou hast known my soul in adversities.—Psalm xxxi. 7.

Twenty-fifth  
Sunday  
after Trinity

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.—Proverbs xvi. 31.

The bright-hair'd morn is glowing  
O'er emerald meadows gay,  
With many a clear gem strowing  
The early shepherd's way.  
Ye gentle elves, by Fancy seen  
Stealing away with night  
To slumber in your leafy screen,  
Tread more than airy light.

And see what joyous greeting  
The sun through heaven has shed,  
Though fast yon shower be fleeting,  
His beams have faster sped.  
For lo! above the western haze  
High towers the rainbow arch  
In solid span of purest rays:  
How stately is its march!

Pride of the dewy morning!  
The swain's experienc'd eye  
From thee takes timely warning,  
Nor trusts the gorgeous sky.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY

For well he knows, such dawnings gay  
Bring noons of storm and shower,  
And travellers linger on the way  
Beside the sheltering bower.

Even so, in hope and trembling  
Should watchful shepherd view  
His little lambs assembling,  
With glance both kind and true;  
'T is not the eye of keenest blaze,  
Nor the quick-swelling breast,  
That soonest thrills at touch of praise—  
These do not please him best.

But voices low and gentle,  
And timid glances shy,  
That seem for aid parental  
To sue all wistfully,  
Still pressing, longing to be right,  
Yet fearing to be wrong—  
In these the Pastor dares delight,  
A lamb-like, Christ-like throng.

These in Life's distant even  
Shall shine serenely bright,  
As in th' autumnal heaven  
Mild rainbow tints at night,  
When the last shower is stealing down,  
And ere they sink to rest,  
The sun-beams weave a parting crown  
From some sweet woodland nest.

*AFTER TRINITY*

The promise of the morrow  
Is glorious on that eve,  
Dear as the holy sorrow  
When good men cease to live.  
When brightening ere it die away  
Mounts up their altar flame,  
Still tending with intenser ray  
To Heaven whence first it came.

Say not it dies, that glory,  
'T is caught unquench'd on high,  
Those saint-like brows so hoary  
Shall wear it in the sky.  
No smile is like the smile of death,  
When all good musings past  
Rise wafted with the parting breath,  
The sweetest thought the last.

Sunday next  
before Advent

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.  
—St. John vi. 12.

Will God indeed with fragments bear,  
Snatch'd late from the decaying year?  
Or can the Saviour's blood endear  
The dregs of a polluted life?  
When down th' o'erwhelming current  
tost,  
Just ere he sink for ever lost,  
The sailor's untried arms are cross'd  
In agonizing prayer, will Ocean cease her  
strife?

Sighs that exhaust but not relieve,  
Heart-rending sighs, O spare to heave  
A bosom freshly taught to grieve  
For lavish'd hours and love mis-spent!  
Now through her round of holy thought  
The Church our annual steps has  
brought,  
But we no holy fire have caught—  
Back on the gaudy world our wilful eyes  
were bent.

*SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT*

Too soon th' ennobling carols, pour'd  
To hymn the birth-night of the **LORD**,  
Which duteous Memory should have  
stor'd

For thankful echoing all the year—  
Too soon those airs have pass'd away;  
Nor long within the heart would stay  
The silence of **CHRIST**'s dying day,  
Profan'd by worldly mirth, or scar'd by  
worldly fear.

Some strain of hope and victory  
On Easter wings might lift us high;  
A little while we sought the sky:  
And when the **SPIRIT**'s beacon fires  
On every hill began to blaze,  
Lightening the world with glad amaze,  
Who but must kindle while they gaze?  
But faster than she soars, our earth-bound  
Fancy tires.

Nor yet for these, nor all the rites,  
By which our Mother's voice invites  
Our God to bless our home delights,  
And sweeten every secret tear:—  
The funeral dirge, the marriage vow,  
The hallow'd font where parents bow,  
And now elate and trembling now  
To the Redeemer's feet their new-found  
treasures bear:—

*SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT*

Not for the Pastor's gracious arm  
Stretch'd out to bless—a Christian charm  
To dull the shafts of worldly harm:—

Nor, sweetest, holiest, best of all,  
For the dear feast of JESUS dying,  
Upon that altar ever lying,  
Where souls with sacred hunger sighing  
Are call'd to sit and eat, while angels  
prostrate fall:—

No, not for each and all of these,  
Have our frail spirits found their ease.  
The gale that stirs th' autumnal trees  
    Seems tun'd as truly to our hearts  
As when, twelve weary months ago,  
'T was moaning bleak, so high and low,  
You would have thought Remorse and  
    Woe

Had taught the innocent air their sadly  
    thrilling parts.

Is it, CHRIST's light is too divine,  
We dare not hope like Him to shine?  
But see, around His dazzling shrine

    Earth's gems the fire of Heaven have  
caught;

Martyrs and saints—each glorious day  
Dawning in order on our way—  
Remind us, how our darksome clay  
May keep th' ethereal warmth our new  
    Creator brought.

### *SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT*

These we have scorn'd, O false and frail!  
And now once more th' appalling tale,  
How love divine may woo and fail,  
    Of our lost year in Heaven is told—  
What if as far our life were past,  
Our weeks all number'd to the last,  
With time and hope behind us cast,  
And all our work to do with palsied hands  
    and cold?

O watch and pray ere Advent dawn!  
For thinner than the subtlest lawn  
'Twixt thee and death the veil is drawn.  
    But Love too late can never glow:  
The scatter'd fragments Love can glean,  
Refine the dregs, and yield us clean  
To regions where one thought serene  
Breathes sweeter than whole years of sac-  
    rifice below.

## St. Andrew's Day

He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias. . . . And he brought him to Jesus.—St. John i. 41, 42.

When brothers part for manhood's race,  
What gift may most endearing prove  
To keep fond memory in her place,  
And certify a brother's love?

'T is true, bright hours together told,  
And blissful dreams in secret shar'd,  
Serene or solemn, gay or bold,  
Shall last in fancy unimpair'd.

Even round the death-bed of the good  
Such dear remembrances will hover,  
And haunt us with no vexing mood  
When all the cares of earth are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel,  
We shall live on, though Fancy die,  
And seek a surer pledge—a seal  
Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou, that wouldest grave thy  
name  
Thus deeply in a brother's heart?

## ST. ANDREW'S DAY

Look on this saint, and learn to frame  
Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell  
Beneath the shadow of His roof,  
Till thou have scann'd His features well,  
And known Him for the Christ by proof;

Such proof as they are sure to find  
Who spend with Him their happy days,  
Clean hands, and a self-ruling mind  
Ever in tune for love and praise.

Then, potent with the spell of Heaven,  
Go, and thine erring brother gain,  
Entice him home to be forgiven,  
Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

Or, if before thee in the race,  
Urge him with thine advancing tread,  
Till, like twin stars, with even pace,  
Each lucid course be duly sped.

No fading frail memorial give  
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,  
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,  
And thoughts of good together done.

That so, before the judgment-seat,  
Though chang'd and glorified each face,  
Not unremember'd ye may meet  
For endless ages to embrace.

## St. Thomas' Day

Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed :  
blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.  
—St. John xx. 29.

We were not by when Jesus came,<sup>1</sup>  
But round us, far and near,  
We see His trophies, and His name  
In choral echoes hear.  
In a fair ground our lot is cast,  
As in the solemn week that past,  
While some might doubt, but all ador'd,<sup>2</sup>  
Ere the whole widow'd Church had seen  
her risen Lord.

Slowly, as then, His bounteous hand  
The golden chain unwinds,  
Drawing to Heaven with gentlest band  
Wise hearts and loving minds.  
Love sought Him first—at dawn of  
morn<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.—St. John xx. 24.

<sup>2</sup> When they saw Him, they worshipped Him: but some doubted.—St. Matthew xxviii. 17.

<sup>3</sup> St. Mary Magdalene's visit to the sepulchre.

### ST. THOMAS' DAY

From her sad couch she sprang forlorn,  
She sought to weep with Thee alone,  
And saw Thine open grave, and knew that  
Thou wert gone.

Reason and Faith at once set out<sup>1</sup>  
To search the SAVIOUR's tomb;  
Faith faster runs, but waits without,  
As fearing to presume,  
Till Reason enter in, and trace  
Christ's relics round the holy place—  
"Here lay His limbs, and here His  
sacred head,  
And who was by, to make His new-  
forsaken bed?"

Both wonder, one believes—but while  
They muse on all at home,  
No thought can tender Love beguile  
From Jesus' grave to roam.  
Weeping she stays till He appear—  
Her witness first the Church must hear—  
All joy to souls that can rejoice  
With her at earliest call of His dear  
gracious voice.

Joy too to those, who love to talk  
In secret how He died,

<sup>1</sup> St. Peter and St. John.

ST. THOMAS' DAY

Though with seal'd eyes awhile they walk,  
Nor see Him at their side;  
Most like the faithful pair are they,  
Who once to Emmaus took their way,  
Half darkling, till their Master shed  
His glory on their souls, made known in  
breaking bread.

Thus, ever brighter and more bright,  
On those He came to save  
The Lord of new-created light  
Dawn'd gradual from the grave:  
Till pass'd th' enquiring day-light hour,  
And with clos'd door in silent bower  
The Church in anxious musing sate,  
As one who for redemption still had long  
to wait.

Then, gliding through th' unopening door,  
Smooth without step or sound,  
"Peace to your souls", He said—no  
more—  
They own Him, kneeling round.  
Eye, ear, and hand, and loving heart,  
Body and soul in every part,  
Successive made His witnesses that hour,  
Cease not in all the world to show His  
saving power.

## ST. THOMAS' DAY

Is there, on earth, a spirit frail,  
Who fears to take their word,  
Scarce daring, through the twilight pale,  
To think he sees the Lord?  
With eyes too tremblingly awake  
To bear with dimness for His sake?  
Read and confess the Hand Divine  
That drew thy likeness here so true in  
every line.

For all thy rankling doubts so sore,  
Love thou thy Saviour still,  
Him for thy Lord and God adore,  
And ever do His will.  
Though vexing thoughts may seem to  
last,  
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;—  
Soon will He show thee all His wounds,  
and say,  
“Long have I known thy name<sup>1</sup>—know  
thou My face alway”.

<sup>1</sup> In Exodus xxxiii. 17, God says to Moses, “I know thee by name”; meaning, “I bear especial favour towards thee”. Thus our Saviour speaks to St. Thomas by name in the place here referred to.

## The Conversion of St. Paul

And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And he said, Who art Thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.—Acts ix. 4, 5.

The mid-day sun, with fiercest glare,  
Broods o'er the hazy, twinkling air;  
    Along the level sand  
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,  
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise  
    To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew  
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,  
    So steadily he speeds,  
With lips firm clos'd and fixed eye,  
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,  
    Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him pour'd,  
As though all Heaven's resplendent hoard  
    In one rich glory shone?  
One moment—and to earth he falls:  
What voice his inmost heart appals?—  
    Voice heard by him alone.

## CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL

For to the rest both words and form  
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,

While Saul, in wakeful trance,  
Sees deep within that dazzling field  
His persecuted Lord reveal'd  
With keen yet pitying glance:

And hears the meek upbraiding call  
As gently on his spirit fall,  
As if th' Almighty Son  
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,  
Nor had proclaim'd His royal birth,  
Nor His great power begun.

“Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou Me?”  
He heard and saw, and sought to free  
His strain'd eye from the sight:  
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,  
Still gazing, though untaught to bear  
Th' insufferable light.

“Who art Thou, Lord?” he falters forth:—  
So shall Sin ask of heaven and earth  
At the last awful day.  
“When did we see Thee suffering nigh,<sup>1</sup>  
And pass'd Thee with unheeding eye?  
Great God of judgment, say!”

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xxv. 44.

## CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL

Ah! little dream our listless eyes  
What glorious presence they despise,  
While, in our noon of life,  
To power or fame we rudely press.—  
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,  
Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven gate long since have  
clos'd,  
And our dear Lord in bliss repos'd  
High above mortal ken,  
To every ear in every land  
(Though meek ears only understand)  
He speaks as He did then.

“Ah! wherefore persecute ye Me?  
'Tis hard, ye so in love should be  
With your own endless woe.  
Know, though at God's right hand I live,  
I feel each wound ye reckless give  
To the least saint below.

“I in your care My brethren left,  
Not willing ye should be bereft  
Of waiting on your Lord.  
The meanest offering ye can make—  
A drop of water—for love's sake,<sup>1</sup>  
In Heaven, be sure, is stor'd.”

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew x. 42.

## *CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL*

O by those gentle tones and dear,  
When Thou hast stay'd our wild career,  
    Thou only hope of souls,  
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,  
But in the thought of Jesus find  
    What every thought controls.

As to Thy last Apostle's heart  
Thy lightning glance did then impart  
    Zeal's never-dying fire,  
So teach us on Thy shrine to lay  
Our hearts, and let them day by day  
    Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note  
(Like pulses that round harp-strings float  
    When the full strain is o'er)  
Left lingering on his inward ear  
Music, that taught, as death drew near,  
    Love's lesson more and more:

So, as we walk our earthly round,  
Still may the echo of that sound  
    Be in our memory stor'd:  
“Christians! behold your happy state:  
Christ is in these, who round you wait;  
    Make much of your dear Lord!”

## The Purification

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.—  
St. Matthew v. 8.

Bless'd are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God,  
The secret of the Lord is theirs,  
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Might mortal thought presume  
To guess an angel's lay,  
Such are the notes that echo through  
The courts of Heaven to-day.

Such the triumphal hymns  
On Sion's Prince that wait,  
In high procession passing on  
Towards His temple-gate.

Give ear, ye kings—bow down,  
Ye rulers of the earth—  
This, this is He; your Priest by grace,  
Your God and King by birth.

No pomp of earthly guards  
Attends with sword and spear,  
And all-defying, dauntless look,  
Their monarch's way to clear;

## THE PURIFICATION

Yet are there more with Him  
Than all that are with you—  
The armies of the highest Heaven,  
All righteous, good, and true.

Spotless their robes and pure,  
Dipp'd in the sea of light,  
That hides the unapproached shrine  
From men's and angels' sight.

His throne, thy bosom blest,  
O Mother undefil'd—  
That throne, if aught beneath the skies,  
Beseems the sinless child.

Lost in high thoughts, "whose son  
The wondrous Babe might prove"  
Her guileless husband walks beside,  
Bearing the hallow'd dove;

Meet emblem of His vow,  
Who, on this happy day,  
His dove-like soul—best sacrifice—  
Did on God's altar lay.

But who is he, by years  
Bow'd, but erect in heart,  
Whose prayers are struggling with his  
tears?

"Lord, let me now depart.

## THE PURIFICATION

"Now hath Thy servant seen  
Thy saving health, O Lord;  
'T is time that I depart in peace,  
According to Thy word."

Yet swells the pomp: one more  
Comes forth to bless her God:  
Full fourscore years, meek widow, she  
Her heaven-ward way hath trod.

She who to earthly joys  
So long had given farewell,  
Now sees, unlook'd for, Heaven on earth,  
Christ in His Israel.

Wide open from that hour  
The temple-gates are set,  
And still the saints rejoicing there  
The holy Child have met.

Now count His train to-day,  
And who may meet Him, learn:  
Him child-like sires, meek maidens find,  
Where pride can nought discern.

Still to the lowly soul  
He doth Himself impart,  
And for His cradle and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

## St. Matthias' Day

Wherefore of these men which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that He was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of His resurrection. —Acts i. 21, 22.

Who is God's chosen priest?

He, who on Christ stands waiting day  
and night,

Who trac'd His holy steps, nor ever  
ceas'd,

From Jordan banks to Bethphage  
height:

Who hath learn'd lowliness

From his Lord's cradle, patience from His  
Cross;

Whom poor men's eyes and hearts con-  
sent to bless;

To whom, for Christ, the world is loss;

Who both in agony

Hath seen Him and in glory; and in both  
Own'd Him divine, and yielded, nothing  
loth,

Body and soul, to live and die,

*ST. MATTHIAS' DAY*

In witness of his Lord,  
In humble following of his Saviour dear:  
This is the man to wield th' unearthly  
sword,  
Warring unarm'd with sin and fear.

But who can e'er suffice—  
What mortal—for this more than angels'  
task,  
Winning or losing souls, Thy life-blood's  
price?  
The gift were too divine to ask,

But Thou hast made it sure  
By Thy dear promise to Thy Church and  
Bride,  
That Thou, on earth, wouldst aye with  
her endure,  
Till earth to Heaven be purified.

Thou art her only spouse,  
Whose arm supports her, on Whose faith-  
ful breast  
Her persecuted head she meekly bows,  
Sure pledge of her eternal rest.

Thou, her unerring guide,  
Stayest her fainting steps along the wild;  
Thy mark is on the bowers of lust and  
pride,  
That she may pass them undefil'd.

*ST. MATTHIAS' DAY*

Who then, uncall'd by Thee,  
Dare touch Thy spouse, Thy very self  
below?  
Or who dare count him summon'd worthily,  
Except Thine hand and seal he show?

Where can Thy seal be found,  
But on the chosen seed, from age to age  
By Thine anointed heralds duly crown'd,  
As kings and priests Thy war to wage?

Then fearless walk we forth,  
Yet full of trembling, Messengers of God:  
Our warrant sure, but doubting of our  
worth,  
By our own shame alike and glory aw'd.

Dread Searcher of the hearts,  
Thou who didst seal by Thy descending  
Dove  
Thy servant's choice, O help us in our  
parts,  
Else helpless found, to learn and teach  
Thy love.

## The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary

And the Angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.—St. Luke i. 28.

Oh! Thou who deign'st to sympathize  
With all our frail and fleshly ties,  
Maker yet Brother dear,  
Forgive the too presumptuous thought,  
If, calming wayward grief, I sought  
To gaze on Thee too near.

Yet sure 'twas not presumption, Lord,  
'T was Thine own comfortable word  
That made the lesson known:  
Of all the dearest bonds we prove,  
Thou countest sons' and mothers' love  
Most sacred, most Thine own.

When wandering here a little span,  
Thou took'st on Thee to rescue man,  
Thou hadst no earthly sire:  
That wedded love we prize so dear,  
As if our heaven and home were here,  
It lit in Thee no fire.

## THE ANNUNCIATION

On no sweet sister's faithful breast  
Wouldst Thou Thine aching forehead rest,

On no kind brother lean:

But who, O perfect filial heart,  
E'er did like Thee a true son's part,  
Endearing, firm, serene?

Thou wept'st, meek maiden, mother mild,  
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,

Thy very heart was riven:

And yet, what mourning matron here  
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear  
By all on this side Heaven?

A Son that never did amiss,  
That never sham'd His Mother's kiss,

Nor cross'd her fondest prayer:

Even from the tree He deign'd to bow  
For her His agonized brow,  
Her, His sole earthly care.

Ave Maria! blessed Maid!

Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,

Who can express the love

That nurtur'd thee so pure and sweet,  
Making thy heart a shelter meet

For Jesus' holy Dove?

Ave Maria! Mother blest,

To whom caressing and caress'd,

Clings the Eternal Child;

## THE ANNUNCIATION

Favour'd beyond Archangels' dream,  
When first on thee with tenderest gleam  
Thy new-born Saviour smil'd:—

Ave Maria! thou whose name  
All but adoring love may claim,  
Yet may we reach thy shrine;  
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows  
To crown all lowly lofty brows  
With love and joy like thine.

Bless'd is the womb that bare Him—  
bless'd<sup>1</sup>  
The bosom where His lips were press'd,  
But rather bless'd are they  
Who hear His word and keep it well,  
The living homes where Christ shall dwell,  
\*And never pass away

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xi. 27, 28.

## St. Mark's Day

And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other.—Acts xv. 39.

Compare 2 Timothy iv. 11—Take Mark, and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry.

Oh! who shall dare in this frail scene  
On holiest happiest thoughts to lean,  
· On Friendship, Kindred, or on Love?  
Since not Apostles' hands can clasp  
Each other in so firm a grasp,  
But they shall change and variance  
prove.

Yet deem not, on such parting sad  
Shall dawn no welcome dear and glad:  
Divided in their earthly race,  
Together at the glorious goal,  
Each leading many a rescu'd soul,  
The faithful champions shall embrace.

For even as those mysterious Four,  
Who the bright whirling wheels upbore  
By Chebar in the fiery blast,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> They turned not when they went; they went every one straight forward.—Ezekiel i. 9.

*ST. MARK'S DAY*

So, on their tasks of love and praise  
The saints of God their several ways  
Right onward speed, yet join at last.

And sometimes even beneath the moon  
The Saviour gives a gracious boon,  
When reconciled Christians meet,  
And face to face, and heart to heart,  
High thoughts of holy love impart  
In silence meek, or converse sweet.

Companion of the Saints! 'twas thine  
To taste that drop of peace divine,  
When the great soldier of thy Lord  
Call'd thee to take his last farewell,  
Teaching the Church with joy to tell  
The story of your love restor'd.

O then the glory and the bliss,  
When all that pain'd or seem'd amiss  
Shall melt with earth and sin away!  
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,  
Fill'd with each other's company,  
Shall spend in love th' eternal day!

## St. Philip and St. James

Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted;  
but the rich, in that he is made low.—St. James i. 9, 10.

Dear is the morning gale of spring,  
And dear th' autumnal eve;  
But few delights can summer bring  
A Poet's crown to weave.

Her bowers are mute, her fountains dry,  
And every Fancy's wing  
Speeds from beneath her cloudless sky,  
To autumn or to spring.

Sweet is the infant's waking smile,  
And sweet the old man's rest—  
But middle age by no fond wile,  
No soothing calm is blest.

Still in the world's hot restless gleam  
She plies her weary task,  
While vainly for some pleasant dream  
Her wandering glances ask.—

O shame upon thee, listless heart,  
So sad a sigh to heave,

*ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES*

As if thy SAVIOUR had no part  
In thoughts, that make thee grieve.

As if along His lonesome way  
He had not borne for thee  
Sad languors through the summer day,  
Storms on the wintry sea.

Youth's lightning-flash of joy secure  
Pass'd seldom o'er His spright,—  
A well of serious thought and pure,  
Too deep for earthly light.

No spring was His—no fairy gleam—  
For He by trial knew  
How cold and bare what mortals dream,  
To worlds where all is true.

Then grudge not thou the anguish keen  
Which makes thee like thy LORD,  
And learn to quit with eye serene  
Thy youth's ideal hoard.

Thy treasur'd hopes and raptures high—  
Unmurmuring let them go,  
Nor grieve the bliss should quickly fly  
Which CHRIST disdain'd to know.

Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon;  
The pure, calm hope be thine,

*ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES*

Which brightens, like the eastern moon,  
As day's wild lights decline.

Thus souls, by nature pitch'd too high,  
By sufferings plung'd too low,  
Meet in the Church's middle sky,  
Half way 'twixt joy and woe,

To practise there the soothing lay  
That sorrow best relieves:  
Thankful for all God takes away,  
Humbled by all He gives.

## St. Barnabas



The son of consolation, a Levite.—Acts iv. 36.

The world's a room of sickness, where  
each heart  
Knows its own anguish and unrest;  
The truest wisdom there, and noblest  
art,  
Is his, who skills of comfort best;  
Whom by the softest step and gentlest  
tone  
Enfeebled spirits own,  
And love to raise the languid eye,  
When, like an angel's wing, they feel him  
fleeting by:—

*Feel* only—for in silence gently gliding  
Fain would he shun both ear and  
sight,  
'Twixt Prayer and watchful Love his  
heart dividing,  
A nursing-father day and night.  
Such were the tender arms, where cradled  
lay,  
In her sweet natal day,

*ST. BARNABAS*

The Church of JESUS; such the love  
He to His chosen taught for His dear  
widow'd Dove.

Warm'd underneath the Comforter's safe  
wing

They spread th' endearing warmth  
around:

Mourners, speed here your broken hearts  
to bring,

Here healing dews and balms abound:  
Here are soft hands that cannot bless in  
vain,

By trial taught your pain:

Here loving hearts, that daily know  
The heavenly consolations they on you  
bestow.

Sweet thoughts are theirs, that breathe  
serenest calms,

Of holy offerings timely paid,<sup>1</sup>  
Of fire from Heaven to bless their votive  
alms

And passions on God's altar laid.  
The world to them is clos'd, and now  
they shine  
With rays of love divine,

<sup>1</sup> Having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid  
it at the Apostles' feet.—Acts iv. 37.

ST. BARNABAS

Through darkest nooks of this dull earth  
Pouring, in showery times, their glow of  
“quiet mirth”.

New hearts before their Saviour's feet  
to lay,  
This is their first, their dearest joy:  
Their next, from heart to heart to clear  
the way<sup>1</sup>  
For mutual love without alloy:  
Never so blest, as when in Jesus' roll  
They write some hero-soul,  
More pleas'd upon his brightening road  
To wait, than if their own with all his radiance glow'd.

O happy spirits, mark'd by God and man  
Their messages of love to bear,<sup>2</sup>  
What though long since in Heaven your brows began  
The genial amaranth wreath to wear,  
And in th' eternal leisure of calm love  
Ye banquet there above,  
Yet in your sympathetic heart  
We and our earthly griefs may ask and hope a part.

<sup>1</sup> Barnabas took him, and brought him (Saul) to the Apostles.—Acts ix. 27. <sup>2</sup> Acts xi. 22; xiii. 2.

*ST. BARNABAS*

Comfort's true sons! amid the thoughts  
of down  
That strew your pillow of repose,  
Sure, 'tis one joy to muse, how ye  
unknown  
By sweet remembrance soothe our  
woes,  
And how the spark ye lit, of heavenly  
cheer,  
Lives in our embers here,  
Where'er the Cross is borne with  
smiles,  
Or lighten'd secretly by Love's endearing  
wiles:

Where'er one Levite in the temple keeps  
The watch-fire of his midnight prayer,  
Or issuing thence, the eyes of mourners  
steeps  
In heavenly balm, fresh gather'd there;  
Thus saints, that seem to die in earth's  
rude strife,  
Only win double life:  
They have but left our weary ways  
To live in memory here, in Heaven by  
love and praise.

## St. John Baptist's Day

Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.—Malachi iv. 5, 6.

Twice in her season of decay  
The fallen Church hath felt Elijah's eye  
Dart from the wild its piercing ray:  
Not keener burns, in the chill morning sky,  
    The herald star,  
    Whose torch afar  
    Shadows and boding night-birds fly.

Methinks we need him once again,  
That favour'd seer—but where shall he be  
    found?  
By Cherith's side we seek in vain,  
In vain on Carmel's green and lonely  
    mound:  
Angels no more  
From Sinai soar,  
On his celestial errands bound.

## ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY

But wafted to her glorious place  
By harmless fire, among the ethereal  
thrones,  
His spirit with a dear embrace  
Thee the lov'd harbinger of Jesus owns,  
Well-pleas'd to view  
Her likeness true,  
And trace, in thine, her own deep tones.

Deathless himself, he joys with thee  
To commune how a faithful martyr dies,  
And in the blest could envy be,  
He would behold thy wounds with envious  
eyes,  
Star of our morn,  
Who yet unborn<sup>1</sup>  
Didst guide our hope, where Christ  
should rise.

Now resting from your jealous care  
For sinners, such as Eden cannot know,  
Ye pour for us your mingled prayer,  
No anxious fear to damp Affection's glow,  
Love draws a cloud  
From you to shroud  
Rebellion's mystery here below.

<sup>1</sup> The Babe leaped in my womb for joy.—St. Luke i. 44.

## ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY

And since we see, and not afar,  
The twilight of the great and dreadful  
day,

Why linger, till Elijah's car  
Stoop from the clouds? Why sleep ye?  
rise and pray,  
Ye heralds seal'd  
In camp or field  
Your Saviour's banner to display.

Where is the lore the Baptist taught,  
The soul unswerving and the fearless  
tongue?

The much-enduring wisdom, sought  
By lonely prayer the haunted rocks among?  
Who counts it gain<sup>1</sup>  
His light should wane,  
So the whole world to Jesus throng?

Thou Spirit, who the Church didst  
lend  
Her eagle wings, to shelter in the wild,<sup>2</sup>  
We pray Thee, ere the Judge descend,  
With flames like these, all bright and  
undefil'd,  
Her watch-fires light,  
To guide aright  
Our weary souls, by earth beguil'd.

<sup>1</sup> He must increase, but I must decrease.—St. John iii. 30.

<sup>2</sup> Revelation xii. 14.

*ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY*

So glorious let Thy Pastors shine,  
That by their speaking lives the world  
    may learn  
First filial duty, then divine,<sup>1</sup>  
That sons to parents, all to Thee may  
    turn;  
    And ready prove  
    In fires of love,  
At sight of Thee, for aye to burn.

<sup>1</sup> He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers.—Malachi iv. 6.

To turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.—St. Luke i. 17.

## St. Peter's Day

When Herod would have brought him forth, the same  
night Peter was sleeping.—Acts xii. 6.

Thou thrice denied, yet thrice belov'd,<sup>1</sup>  
Watch by Thine own forgiven friend;  
In sharpest perils faithful prov'd,  
Let his soul love Thee to the end.

The prayer is heard—else why so deep  
His slumber on the eve of death?  
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep  
As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is belov'd again—  
Can his soul choose but be at rest?  
Sorrow hath fled away, and Pain  
Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone:  
For his wing'd thoughts are soaring  
high \*  
Where never yet frail heart was known  
To breathe in vain Affection's sigh.

<sup>1</sup> St. John xxi. 15-17.

ST. PETER'S DAY

He loves and weeps—but more than tears  
Have seal'd Thy welcome and his love—  
One look lives in him, and endears  
Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove:

That gracious chiding look,<sup>1</sup> Thy call  
To win him to himself and Thee,  
Sweetening the sorrow of his fall  
Which else were ru'd too bitterly.

Even through the veil of sleep it shines,  
The memory of that kindly glance;—  
The Angel watching by, divines  
And spares awhile his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake  
His vision wafts him back, to talk  
With JESUS, ere his flight he take,  
As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of his friend,  
The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,  
Did His dear lambs and sheep commend,  
Both bought and nourish'd with His  
blood:

Then laid on him th' inverted tree,  
Which firm embrac'd with heart and  
arm,

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xxii. 6r.

*ST. PETER'S DAY*

Might cast o'er hope and memory,  
O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,  
His passport through th' eternal gates,  
To his sweet home—so nearly won,  
He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear  
Of angel song and angel motion,  
Rising and falling on the ear  
Like waves in Joy's unbounded ocean.—

His dream is chang'd—the Tyrant's voice  
Calls to that last of glorious deeds—  
But as he rises to rejoice,  
Not Herod but an Angel leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,  
Glancing around his prison room—  
But 'tis a gleam of heavenly light  
That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame, that in a few short years  
Deep through the chambers of the dead  
Shall pierce, and dry the fount of tears,  
Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touch'd he upstarts—his chains unbind—  
Through darksome vault, up massy  
stair,

*ST. PETER'S DAY*

His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind  
To freedom and cool moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,  
Though for a while his hand forego,  
Just as it touch'd, the martyr's palm,  
He turns him to his task below;

The pastoral staff, the keys of Heaven,  
To wield awhile in grey-hair'd might,  
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,  
And follow JESUS out of sight.

## St. James's Day

We shall drink indeed of My cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on My right hand, and on My left, is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My Father.—  
St. Matthew xx. 23.

Sit down and take thy fill of joy  
At God's right hand, a bidden guest,  
Drink of the cup that cannot cloy,  
Eat of the bread that cannot waste.  
O great Apostle! rightly now  
Thou readest all thy Saviour meant,  
What time His grave yet gentle brow  
In sweet reproof on thee was bent.

“Seek ye to sit enthron'd by Me?  
Alas! ye know not what ye ask,  
The first in shame and agony,  
The lowest in the meanest task—  
This can ye be? and can ye drink  
The cup that I in tears must steep,  
Nor from the 'whelming waters shrink  
That o'er Me roll so dark and deep?”

## ST. JAMES'S DAY

"We can—Thine are we, dearest Lord,  
In glory and in agony,  
To do and suffer all Thy word;  
Only be Thou for ever nigh."—  
"Then be it so—My cup receive,  
And of My woes baptismal taste:  
But for the crown, that angels weave  
For those next Me in glory plac'd,

"I give it not by partial love;  
But in My Father's book are writ  
What names on earth shall lowliest prove,  
That they in Heaven may highest sit."  
Take up the lesson, O my heart;  
Thou Lord of meekness, write it there,  
Thine own meek self to me impart,  
Thy lofty hope, Thy lowly prayer:

If ever on the mount with Thee  
I seem to soar in vision bright,  
With thoughts of coming agony,<sup>1</sup>  
Stay Thou the too presumptuous flight:  
Gently along the vale of tears  
Lead me from Tabor's sunbright steep,  
Let me not grudge a few short years  
With Thee tow'rd Heaven to walk and  
weep:

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew xvii. 12—"Likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them." This was just after the Transfiguration.

*ST. JAMES'S DAY*

Too happy, on my silent path,  
If now and then allow'd, with Thee  
Watching some placid holy death,  
Thy secret work of love to see;  
But oh, most happy, should Thy call,  
Thy welcome call, at last be given—  
“Come where thou long hast stor'd thy all,  
Come see thy place prepar'd in Heaven.”

## St. Bartholomew

Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these.—St. John i. 50.

Hold up thy mirror to the sun,  
And thou shalt need an eagle's gaze,  
So perfectly the polish'd stone  
Gives back the glory of his rays:

Turn it, and it shall paint as true  
The soft green of the vernal earth,  
And each small flower of bashful hue,  
That closest hides its lowly birth.

Our mirror is a blessed book,  
Where out from each illumin'd page  
We see one glorious Image look  
All eyes to dazzle and engage,

The Son of God: and that indeed  
We see Him as He is, we know,  
Since in the same bright glass we read  
The very life of things below.—

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW

Eye of God's word!<sup>1</sup> where'er we turn  
Ever upon us! thy keen gaze  
Can all the depths of sin discern,  
Unravel every bosom's maze:

Who that has felt thy glance of dread  
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,  
About his path, about his bed,  
Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells?

“What word is this? Whence know'st thou  
me?”

All wondering cries the humbled heart,  
To hear thee that deep mystery,  
The knowledge of itself, impart.

The veil is rais'd; who runs may read,  
By its own light the truth is seen,  
And soon the Israelite indeed  
Bows down t' adore the Nazarene.

So did Nathanael, guileless man,  
At once, not shame-fac'd or afraid,

1 “The position before us is, that we ourselves, and such as we, are the very persons whom Scripture speaks of, and to whom, as men, in every variety of persuasive form, it makes its condescending though celestial appeal. The point worthy of observation is, to note how a book of the description and the compass which we have represented Scripture to be, possesses this versatility of power; *this eye, like that of a portrait, uniformly fixed upon us, turn where we will*”—Miller's *Banpton Lectures*, p. 128.

*ST. BARTHOLOMEW*

Owning Him God, who so could scan  
His musings in the lonely shade;

In his own pleasant fig-tree's shade,  
Which by his household fountain grew,  
Where at noon-day his prayer he made  
To know God better than he knew.

Oh! happy hours of heavenward thought!  
How richly crown'd! how well improv'd!  
In musing o'er the Law he taught,  
In waiting for the Lord he lov'd.

We must not mar with earthly praise  
What God's approving word hath seal'd;  
Enough, if right our feeble lays  
Take up the promise He reveal'd;

“The child-like faith, that asks not sight,  
Waits not for wonder or for sign,  
Believes, because it loves, aright—  
Shall see things greater, things divine.

“Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,  
And brightest angels to and fro  
On messages of love shall glide  
‘Twixt God above and Christ below.”

So still the guileless man is blest,  
To him all crooked paths are straight,

*ST. BARTHOLOMEW*

Him on his way to endless rest  
Fresh, ever-growing strengths await.<sup>1</sup>

God's witnesses, a glorious host,  
Compass him daily like a cloud;  
Martyrs and seers, the sav'd and lost,  
Mercies and judgments cry aloud.

Yet shall to him the still small voice,  
That first into his bosom found  
A way, and fix'd his wavering choice,  
Nearest and dearest ever sound.

<sup>1</sup> They go from strength to strength.—*Psalm lxxxiv. 7.*

## St. Matthew

And after these things He went forth, and saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom: and He said unto him, Follow Me. And he left all, rose up, and followed Him. —St. Luke v. 27, 28.

Ye hermits blest, ye holy maids,  
The nearest Heaven on earth,  
Who talk with God in shadowy glades,  
Free from rude care and mirth;  
To whom some viewless teacher brings  
The secret lore of rural things,  
The moral of each fleeting cloud and  
gale,  
The whispers from above, that haunt the  
twilight vale:

Say, when in pity ye have gaz'd  
On the wreath'd smoke afar,  
That o'er some town, like mist up-  
rais'd,  
Hung hiding sun and star,  
Then as ye turn'd your weary eye  
To the green earth and open sky,  
Were ye not fain to doubt how Faith  
could dwell  
Amid that dreary glare, in this world's  
citadel?

## ST. MATTHEW

But Love's a flower that will not die  
For lack of leafy screen,  
And Christian Hope can cheer the eye  
That ne'er saw vernal green;  
Then be ye sure that Love can bless  
Even in this crowded loneliness,  
Where ever-moving myriads seem to  
say,  
Go—thou art nought to us, nor we to  
thee—away!

There are in this loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of th' everlasting chime;  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling  
mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain  
repeat.

How sweet to them, in such brief rest  
As thronging cares afford,  
In thought to wander, fancy-blest,  
To where their gracious Lord,  
In vain, to win proud Pharisees,  
Spake, and was heard by fell disease—<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It seems from St. Matthew ix. 8, 9, that the calling of Levi took place immediately after the healing of the paralytic in the presence of the Pharisees.

*ST. MATTHEW*

But not in vain, beside yon breezy lake,  
Bade the meek Publican his gainful seat  
forsake:

At once he rose, and left his gold;  
His treasure and his heart  
Transferr'd, where he shall safe behold  
Earth and her idols part;  
While he beside his endless store  
Shall sit, and floods unceasing pour  
Of Christ's true riches o'er all time and  
space,  
First angel of His Church, first steward  
of His Grace.

Nor can ye not delight to think<sup>1</sup>  
Where He vouchsaf'd to eat,  
How the Most Holy did not shrink  
From touch of sinner's meat;  
What worldly hearts and hearts im-  
pure  
Went with Him through the rich  
man's door,  
That we might learn of Him lost souls  
to love,  
And view His least and worst with hope  
to meet above.

<sup>1</sup> St. Matthew ix. 10.

. ST. MATTHEW

These gracious lines shed Gospel light  
On Mammon's gloomiest cells,  
As on some city's cheerless night  
The tide of sunrise swells,  
Till tower, and dome, and bridge-way  
proud  
Are mantled with a golden cloud,  
And to wise hearts this certain hope is  
given;  
"No mist that man may raise, shall hide  
the eye of Heaven".

And oh! if even on Babel shine  
Such gleams of Paradise,  
Should not their peace be peace divine,  
Who day by day arise  
To look on clearer heavens, and scan  
The work of God untouched by man?  
Shame on us, who about us Babel bear,  
And live in Paradise, as if God was not  
there!

## St. Michael and All Angels

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?—Heb. 1: 14.

Ye stars that round the Sun of righteousness

ness

In glorious order roll,

With harps for ever strung, ready to bless  
God for each rescued soul,

Ye eagle spirits, that build in light divine,  
Oh! think of us to-day,

Faint warblers of this earth, that would  
combine

Our trembling notes with your accepted  
lay.

Your amaranth wreaths were earn'd; and  
homeward all,

Flush'd with victorious might,  
Ye might have sped to keep high festival,

And revel in the light;  
But meeting us, weak worldlings, on our  
way,

Tired ere the fight begun,  
Ye turn'd to help us in th' unequal fray,  
Remembering Whose we were, how dearly  
won:

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

Remembering Bethlehem, and that glorious night

When ye, who used to soar  
Diverse along all space in fiery flight,

Came thronging to adore  
Your God new-born, and made a sinner's child;

As if the stars should leave  
Their stations in the far ethereal wild,  
And round the sun a radiant circle weave.

Nor less your lay of triumph greeted fair  
Our Champion and your King,

In that first strife, whence Satan in despair

Sunk down on scathed wing:  
Alone He fasted, and alone He fought;

But when His toils were o'er,  
Ye to the sacred Hermit duteous brought  
Banquet and hymn, your Eden's festal store.

Ye too, when lowest in th' abyss of woe  
He plung'd to save His sheep,

Were leaning from your golden thrones  
to know

The secrets of that deep:  
But clouds were on His sorrow: one alone

His agonizing call  
Summon'd from Heaven, to still that bitterest groan,  
And comfort Him, the Comforter of all.

*ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS*

Oh! highest favour'd of all Spirits create  
(If right of thee we deem),  
How didst thou glide on brightening wing  
elate

To meet th' unclouded beam  
Of Jesus from the couch of darkness rising!  
How swell'd thine anthem's sound,  
With fear and mightier joy weak hearts  
surprising,  
"Your God is risen, and may not here  
be found!"

Pass a few days, and this dull darkling globe  
Must yield Him from her sight;—  
Brighter and brighter streams His glory-  
robe,

And He is lost in light.  
Then, when through yonder everlasting  
arch,

Ye in innumerable choir  
Pour'd, heralding Messiah's conquering  
march,  
Linger'd around His skirts two forms of fire:

With us they stay'd, high warning to  
impart;

"The Christ shall come again  
Even as He goes; with the same human  
heart,

With the same godlike train."—

*ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS*

Oh! jealous God! how could a sinner dare  
    Think on that dreadful day,  
But that with all Thy wounds Thou wilt  
    be there,  
And all our angel friends to bring Thee  
    on Thy way?

Since to Thy little ones is given such grace,  
    That they who nearest stand  
Alway to God in Heaven, and see His  
    face,

    Go forth at His command,  
To wait around our path in weal or woe,  
    As erst upon our King,  
Set Thy baptismal seal upon our brow,  
And waft us heavenward with enfolding  
    wing:

Grant, Lord, that when around th' expiring  
    world

    Our seraph guardians wait,  
While on her death-bed, ere to ruin hurl'd,  
    She owns Thee, all too late,  
They to their charge may turn, and thank-  
    ful see

    Thy mark upon us still;  
Then all together rise, and reign with  
    Thee,  
And all their holy joy o'er contrite hearts  
    fulfil!

## St. Luke



Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas, greet you.—  
Colossians iv. 14.  
Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.  
... Only Luke is with me.—2 Timothy iv. 10, 11.

Two clouds before the summer gale  
In equal race fleet o'er the sky:  
Two flowers, when wintry blasts assail,  
Together pine, together die.

But two capricious human hearts—  
No sage's rod may track their ways,  
No eye pursue their lawless starts  
• Along their wild self-chosen maze.

He only, by whose sovereign hand  
Even sinners for the evil day<sup>1</sup>  
Were made— who rules the world He  
plann'd,  
Turning our worst His own good way;

He only can the cause reveal,  
Why, at the same fond bosom fed,  
Taught in the self-same lap to kneel  
Till the same prayer were duly said,

<sup>1</sup> The Lord hath made all things for Himself: yea, even  
the wicked for the day of evil.—Proverbs xvi. 4.

ST. LUKE

Brothers in blood and nurture too,  
Aliens in heart so oft should prove;  
One lose, the other keep, Heaven's clue;  
One dwell in wrath, and one in love.

He only knows,—for He can read  
The mystery of the wicked heart,—  
Why vainly oft our arrows speed  
When aim'd with most unerring art;

While from some rude and powerless arm  
A random shaft in season sent  
Shall light upon some lurking harm,  
And work some wonder little meant.

Doubt we, how souls so wanton change,  
Leaving their own experienc'd rest?  
Need not around the world to range;  
One narrow cell may teach us best.

Look in, and see Christ's chosen saint  
In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;  
No fear lest he should swerve or faint;  
"His life is Christ, his death is gain".<sup>1</sup>

Two converts, watching by his side,  
Alike his love and greetings share;  
Luke the belov'd, the sick soul's guide,  
And Dernas, nam'd in faltering prayer.

<sup>1</sup> Philippians i. 21.

## ST. LUKE

Pass a few years—look in once more—  
The saint is in his bonds again;  
Save that his hopes more boldly soar,<sup>1</sup>  
He and his lot unchang'd remain.

But only Luke is with him now:—  
Alas! that even the martyr's cell,  
Heaven's very gate, should scope allow  
For the false world's seducing spell.

'T is sad—but yet 't is well, be sure,  
We on the sight should muse awhile,  
Nor deem our shelter all secure  
Even in the Church's holiest aisle.

Vainly before the shrine he bends,  
Who knows not the true pilgrim's part:  
The martyr's cell no safety lends  
To him, who wants the martyr's heart.

But if there be, who follows Paul  
As Paul his Lord, in life and death,  
Where'er an aching heart may call,  
Ready to speed and take no breath;

<sup>1</sup> In the Epistle to the Philippians—"I know that I shall abide and continue with you all: . . . I count not myself to have apprehended"—chap. i. 25; iii. 13.

In 2 Timothy, "I have finished my course", &c., chap. iv. 7, 8.

ST. LUKE

Whose joy is, to the wandering sheep  
To tell of the great Shepherd's love;<sup>1</sup>  
To learn of mourners while they weep  
The music that makes mirth above;

Who makes the Saviour all his theme,  
The Gospel all his pride and praise—  
Approach: for thou canst feel the gleam  
That round the martyr's death-bed plays:

Thou hast an ear for angels' songs,  
A breath the Gospel trump to fill,  
And taught by thee the Church prolongs  
Her hymns of high thanksgiving still.<sup>2</sup>

Ah! dearest mother, since too oft  
The world yet wins some Demas frail  
Even from thine arms, so kind and soft,  
May thy tried comforts never fail!

When faithless ones forsake thy wing,  
Be it vouchsaf'd thee still to see  
Thy true, fond nurslings closer cling,  
Cling closer to their Lord and thee.

<sup>1</sup> The Gospel of St. Luke abounds most in such passages as the parable of the lost sheep, which display God's mercy to penitent sinners.

<sup>2</sup> The Christian hymns are all in St. Luke: the Magnificat, Benedictus, and Nunc Dimittis.

## St. Simon and St. Jude



That ye should earnestly contend for<sup>1</sup> the faith which was  
once delivered unto the saints.—St. Jude 3.

Seest thou, how tearful and alone,  
And drooping like a wounded dove,  
The Cross in sight, but Jesus gone,  
The widow'd Church is fain to rove?

Who is at hand that loves the Lord?<sup>2</sup>  
Make haste, and take her home, and  
bring  
Thine household choir, in true accord  
Their soothing hymns for her to sing.

Soft on her fluttering heart shall breathe  
The fragrance of that genial isle,  
There she may weave her funeral wreath,  
And to her own sad music smile.

<sup>1</sup> *ιντερανιγερθαι*: “be very anxious for it”: “feel for it as  
for a friend in jeopardy”.

<sup>2</sup> Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And  
from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.—  
St. John xix. 27.

*ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE*

The Spirit of the dying Son  
Is there, and fills the holy place  
With records sweet of duties done,  
Of pardon'd foes, and cherish'd grace.

And as of old by two and two<sup>1</sup>  
His herald saints the Saviour sent  
To soften hearts like morning dew,  
Where He to shine in mercy meant;

So evermore He deems His Name  
Best honour'd and His way prepar'd,  
When watching by His altar-flame  
He sees His servants duly pair'd.

He loves when age and youth are met,  
Fervent old age and youth serene,  
Their high and low in concord set  
For sacred song, Joy's golden mean.

He loves when some clear soaring mind  
Is drawn by mutual piety  
To simple souls and unrefin'd,  
Who in life's shadiest covert lie

Or if perchance a sadden'd heart  
That once was gay and felt the spring,  
Cons slowly o'er its alter'd part,  
In sorrow and remorse to sing,

<sup>1</sup> St. Mark vi. 7; St. Luke x. 1.

*ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE*

Thy gracious care will send that way  
Some spirit full of glee, yet taught  
To bear the sight of dull decay,  
And nurse it with all-pitying thought;

Cheerful as soaring lark, and mild  
As evening blackbird's full-ton'd lay,  
When the relenting sun has smil'd  
Bright through a whole December day.

These are the tones to brace and cheer  
The lonely watcher of the fold,  
When nights are dark, and foemen near,  
When visions fade and hearts grow  
cold.

How timely then a comrade's song  
Comes floating on the mountain air,  
And bids thee yet be bold and strong—  
Fancy may die, but Faith is there.

## All Saints' Day

Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.—  
Revelation vii. 3.

Why blow'st thou not, thou wintry wind,  
Now every leaf is brown and sere,  
And idly droops, to thee resign'd,  
The fading chaplet of the year?  
Yet wears the pure aerial sky  
Her summer veil, half drawn on high,  
Of silvery haze, and dark and still  
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

How quiet shows the woodland scene!  
Each flower and tree, its duty done,  
Reposing in decay serene,  
Like weary men when age is won,  
Such calm old age as conscience pure  
And self-commanding hearts ensure,  
Waiting their summons to the sky,  
Content to live, but not afraid to die.

Sure if our eyes were purg'd to trace  
God's unseen armies hovering round,

## ALL SAINTS' DAY

We should behold by angels' grace  
The four strong winds of Heaven  
fast bound,  
Their downward sweep a moment stay'd  
On ocean cove and forest glade,  
Till the last flower of autumn shed  
Her funeral odours on her dying bed.

So in Thine awful armoury, Lord,  
The lightnings of the judgment day  
Pause yet awhile, in mercy stor'd,  
Till willing hearts wear quite away  
Their earthly stains; and spotless shine  
On every brow in light divine  
The Cross by angel hands impress'd,  
The seal of glory won and pledge of  
promis'd rest.

Little they dream, those haughty souls  
Whom empires own with bended knee,  
What lowly fate their own controuls,  
Together link'd by Heaven's decree;—  
As bloodhounds hush their baying wild  
To wanton with some fearless child,  
So Famine waits, and War with greedy  
eyes,  
Till some repenting heart be ready for  
the skies.

*ALL SAINTS' DAY*

Think ye the spires that glow so bright  
In front of yonder setting sun,  
Stand by their own unshaken might?  
No—where th' upholding grace is won,  
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell,  
But sure from many a hidden dell,  
From many a rural nook unthought of  
there,  
Rises for that proud world the saints'  
prevailing prayer.

On Champions blest, in Jesus' name,  
Short be your strife, your triumph  
full,  
Till every heart have caught your flame,  
And, lighten'd of the world's misrule,  
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,  
Gather'd long since at Jesus' feet,  
No world of passions to destroy,  
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your  
task all praise and joy.

## Holy Communion



O God of Mercy, God of Might,  
How should pale sinners bear the sight,  
If, as Thy power is surely here,  
Thine open glory should appear?

For now Thy people are allow'd  
To scale the mount and pierce the cloud,  
And Faith may feed her eager view  
With wonders Sinai never knew.

Fresh from th' atoning sacrifice  
The world's Creator bleeding lies,  
That man, His foe, by whom He bled,  
May take Him for his daily bread.

O agony of wavering thought  
When sinners first so near are brought!  
"It is my Maker—dare I stay?  
My Saviour—dare I turn away?"

Thus while the storm is high within  
'Twixt love of Christ and fear of sin,  
Who can express the soothing charm,  
To feel thy kind upholding arm,

## HOLY COMMUNION

My mother Church? and hear thee tell  
Of a world lost, yet lov'd so well,  
That He, by whom the angels live,  
His only Son for her would give?<sup>1</sup>

And doubt we yet? Thou call'st again;  
A lower still, a sweeter strain;  
A voice from Mercy's inmost shrine,  
The very breath of Love divine.

Whispering it says to each apart,  
"Come unto Me, thou trembling heart";<sup>2</sup>  
And we must hope, so sweet the tone,  
The precious words are all our own.

Hear them, kind Saviour — hear Thy  
spouse  
Low at Thy feet renew her vows;  
Thine own dear promise she would plead  
For us her true though fallen seed.

She pleads by all Thy mercies, told  
Thy chosen witnesses of old,  
Love's heralds sent to man forgiven,  
One from the Cross, and one from  
Heaven.<sup>3</sup>

"So God loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son." See the sentences in the Communion Service, after the Confession.

<sup>2</sup> Come unto Me, all that travail, and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.

<sup>3</sup> St. Paul and St. John.

## HOLY COMMUNION

This, of true Penitents the chief,  
To the lost spirit brings relief,  
Lifting on high th' adored Name:—  
“Sinners to save, Christ Jesus came”.<sup>1</sup>

That, dearest of Thy bosom Friends,  
Into the wavering heart descends:—  
“What? fall'n again? yet cheerful rise,<sup>2</sup>  
Thine Intercessor never dies.”

The eye of Faith, that waxes bright  
Each moment by Thine altar's light,  
Sees them e'en now: they still abide  
In mystery kneeling at our side:

And with them every spirit blest,  
From realms of triumph or of rest,  
From Him who saw creation's morn,  
Of all Thine angels eldest born,

To the poor babe, who died to-day,  
Take part in our thanksgiving lay,  
Watching the tearful joy and calm,  
While sinners taste Thine heavenly balm.

<sup>1</sup> This is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received, That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

<sup>2</sup> If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

## *HOLY COMMUNION*

Sweet awful hour! the only sound  
One gentle footstep gliding round,  
Offering by turns on Jesus' part  
The Cross to every hand and heart.

Refresh us, Lord, to hold it fast;  
And when Thy veil is drawn at last,  
Let us depart where shadows cease,  
With words of blessing and of peace.

## Holy Baptism



Where is it mothers learn their love?—  
In every Church a fountain springs  
O'er which th' eternal Dove  
Hovers on softest wings.

What sparkles in that lucid flood  
Is water, by gross mortals ey'd:  
But seen by Faith, 'tis blood  
Out of a dear Friend's side.

A few calm words of faith and prayer,  
A few bright drops of holy dew,  
Shall work a wonder there  
Earth's charmers never knew.

O happy arms, where cradled lies,  
And ready for the Lord's embrace,  
That precious sacrifice,  
The darling of His grace!

Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam  
Upon the slumbering features glow,  
When the life-giving stream  
Touches the tender brow!

## HOLY BAPTISM

Or when the holy cross is sign'd,  
And the young soldier duly sworn  
With true and fearless mind  
To serve the Virgin-born.

But happiest ye, who seal'd and blest  
Back to your arms your treasure take,  
With Jesus' mark impress'd  
To nurse for Jesus' sake:

To whom—as if in hallow'd air  
Ye knelt before some awful shrine—  
His innocent gestures wear  
A meaning half divine:

By whom Love's daily touch is seen  
In strengthening form and freshening  
hue,  
In the fix'd brow serene,  
The deep yet eager view.—

Who taught thy pure and even breath  
To come and go with such sweet grace?  
Whence thy reposing Faith,  
Though in our frail embrace?

O tender gem, and full of Heaven!  
Not in the twilight stars on high,  
Not in moist flowers at even  
See we our God so nigh.

*HOLY BAPTISM*

Sweet one, make haste and know Him too,  
Thine own adopting Father love,  
That like thine earliest dew  
Thy dying sweets may prove.

## Catechism

Oh! say not, dream not, heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain,  
That the young mind at random floats,  
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard, the words may fall,  
And yet the heaven-taught mind  
May learn the sacred air, and all  
The harmony unwind.

Was not our Lord a little child,  
Taught by degrees to pray,  
By father dear and mother mild  
Instructed day by day?

And lov'd He not of Heaven to talk  
With children in His sight,  
To meet them in his daily walk,  
And to His arms invite?

What though around His throne of fire  
The everlasting chant  
Be wafted from the seraph choir  
In glory jubilant?

## CATECHISM

Yet stoops He, ever pleas'd to mark  
Our rude essays of love,  
Faint as the pipe of wakening lark,  
Heard by some twilight grove:

Yet is He near us, to survey  
These bright and order'd files,  
Like spring-flowers in their best array,  
All silence and all smiles,

Save that each little voice in turn  
Some glorious truth proclaims,  
What sages would have died to learn,  
Now taught by cottage dames.

And if some tones be false or low,  
What are all prayers beneath  
But cries of babes, that cannot know  
Half the deep thought they breathe?

In His own words we Christ adore,  
But angels, as we speak,  
Higher above our meaning soar  
Than we o'er children weak:

And yet His words mean more than they,  
And yet He owns their praise:  
Why should we think, He turns away  
From infants' simple lays?

## Confirmation

The shadow of th' Almighty's cloud  
Calm on the tents of Israel lay,  
While drooping paus'd twelve banners  
proud,  
Till He arise and lead the way.

Then to the desert breeze unroll'd  
Cheerly the waving pennons fly,  
Lion or eagle—each bright fold  
A lodestar to a warrior's eye.

So should Thy champions, ere the strife,  
By holy hands o'ershadow'd kneel,  
So, fearless for their charmed life,  
Bear, to the end, Thy Spirit's seal.

Steady and pure as stars that beam  
In middle heaven, all mist above,  
Seen deepest in the frozen stream:—  
Such is their high courageous love.

And soft as pure, and warm as bright,  
They brood upon life's peaceful hour,  
As if the Dove that guides their flight  
Shook from her plumes a downy shower.

## *CONFIRMATION*

Spirit of might and sweetness too!  
Now leading on the wars of God,  
Now to green isles of shade and dew  
Turning the waste Thy people trod;

Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy seven-fold veil  
Between us and the fires of youth;  
Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freshening gale,  
Our fever'd brow in age to soothe.

And oft as sin and sorrow tire,  
The hallow'd hour do Thou renew,  
When beckon'd up the awful choir  
By pastoral hands, toward Thee we  
drew;

When trembling at the sacred rail  
We hid our eyes and held our breath,  
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how  
frail,  
And long'd to own Thee to the death.

For ever on our souls be trac'd  
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,  
A sheltering rock in Memory's waste,  
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

## Matrimony

There is an awe in mortals' joy,  
A deep mysterious fear  
Half of the heart will still employ,  
As if we drew too near  
To Eden's portal, and those fires  
Thaticker round in wavy spires,  
Forbidding, to our frail desires,  
What cost us once so dear.

We cower before th' heart-searching eye  
In rapture as in pain;  
Even wedded Love, till Thou be nigh,  
Dares not believe her gain:  
Then in the air she fearless springs,  
The breath of Heaven beneath her wings,  
And leaves her wood-note wild, and sings  
A tun'd and measur'd strain.

Ill fare the lay, though soft as dew  
And free as air it fall,  
That, with Thine altar full in view,  
Thy votaries would enthrall  
To a foul dream, of heathen night,  
Lifting her torch in Love's despite,

## MATRIMONY

And scaring with base wildfire light  
The sacred nuptial hall.

Far other strains, far other fires,  
Our marriage offering grace;  
Welcome, all chaste and kind desires,  
With even matron pace  
Approaching down the hallow'd aisle!  
Where should ye seek Love's perfect smile,  
But where your prayers were learn'd ere-  
while,  
In her own native place?

Where, but on His benignest brow,  
Who waits to bless you here?  
Living, He own'd no nuptial vow,  
No bower to Fancy dear:  
Love's very self—for Him no need  
To nurse, on earth, the heavenly seed:  
Yet comfort in His eye we read  
For bridal joy and fear.

'T is He who clasps the marriage band,  
And fits the spousal ring,  
Then leaves ye kneeling, hand in hand,  
Out of His stores to bring  
His Father's dearest blessing, shed  
Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed,  
Now on the board before ye spread  
Of our all-bounteous King.

## *MATRIMONY*

All blessings of the breast and womb,  
Of Heaven and earth beneath,  
Of converse high, and sacred home,  
Are yours, in life and death.  
Only kneel on, nor turn away  
From the pure shrine, where Christ to-day  
Will store each flower, ye duteous lay,  
For an eternal wreath.

## Visitation and Communion of the Sick

O Youth and Joy, your airy tread  
Too lightly springs by Sorrow's bed,  
Your keen eye-glances are too bright,  
Too restless for a sick man's sight.  
Farewell; for one short life we part:  
I rather woo the soothing art,  
Which only souls in sufferings tried  
Bear to their suffering brethren's side.

Where may we learn that gentle spell?  
Mother of Martyrs, thou canst tell!  
Thou, who didst watch thy dying Spouse  
With pierced hands and bleeding brows,  
Whose tears from age to age are shed  
O'er sainted sons untimely dead,  
If e'er we charm a soul in pain,  
Thine is the key-note of our strain.

How sweet with thee to lift the latch,  
Where Faith has kept her midnight watch,  
Smiling on woe: with thee to kneel,  
Where fix'd, as if one prayer could heal,

VISITATION AND

She listens, till her pale eye glow  
With joy, wild health can never know,  
And each calm feature, ere we read,  
Speaks, silently, thy glorious Creed.

Such have I seen: and while they pour'd  
Their hearts in every contrite word,  
How have I rather long'd to kneel  
And ask of them sweet pardon's seal!  
How bless'd the heavenly music brought  
By thee to aid my faltering thought!  
"Peace" ere we kneel, and when we cease  
To pray, the farewell word is, "Peace".

I came again: the place was bright  
"With something of celestial light"—  
A simple altar by the bed  
For high Communion meetly spread,  
Chalice, and plate, and snowy vest.—  
We ate and drank: then calmly blest,  
All mourners, one with dying breath,  
We sate and talk'd of Jesus' death.

Once more I came: the silent room  
Was veil'd in sadly-soothing gloom,  
And ready for her last abode.  
The pale form like a lily show'd,  
By virgin fingers duly spread,  
And priz'd for love of summer fled.

*COMMUNION OF THE SICK*

The light from those soft-smiling eyes  
Had fleeted to its parent skies.

O soothe us, haunt us, night and day,  
Ye gentle Spirits far away,  
With whom we shar'd the cup of grace,  
Then parted; ye to Christ's embrace,  
We to the lonesome world again,  
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain  
Practis'd with you at Eden's door,  
To be sung on, where angels soar,  
With blended voices evermore.

## Burial of the Dead

And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier; and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.—St. Luke vii. 13, 14.

Who says, the wan autumnal sun  
Beams with too faint a smile  
To light up nature's face again,  
And, though the year be on the wane,  
With thoughts of spring the heart  
beguile?

Waft him, thou soft September breeze,  
And gently lay him down  
Within some circling woodland wall,  
Where bright leaves, reddening ere they  
fall,  
Wave gaily o'er the waters brown.

And let some graceful arch be there  
With wreathed mullions proud,  
With burnish'd ivy for its screen,  
And moss, that glows as fresh and green  
As though beneath an April cloud.—

## *BURIAL OF THE DEAD*

Who says the widow's heart must break,  
The childless mother sink?—  
A kinder truer voice I hear,  
Which even beside that mournful bier  
Whence parents' eyes would hopeless  
shrink,

Bids weep no more—O heart bereft,  
How strange, to thee, that sound!  
A widow o'er her only son,  
Feeling more bitterly alone  
For friends that press officious round.

Yet is the voice of comfort heard,  
For Christ hath touch'd the bier—  
The bearers wait with wondering eye,  
The swelling bosom dares not sigh,  
But all is still, 'twixt hope and fear.

Even such an awful soothing calm  
We sometimes see alight  
On Christian mourners, while they wait  
In silence, by some church-yard gate,  
Their summons to the holy rite.

And such the tones of love, which break  
The stillness of that hour,  
Quelling th' embitter'd spirit's strife—  
"The Resurrection and the Life  
Am I: believe, and die no more".—

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Unchang'd that voice—and though not yet  
The dead sit up and speak,  
Answering its call; we gladlier rest  
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,  
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile  
Within the Church's shade,  
Nor wake, until new heaven, new earth,  
Meet for their new immortal birth  
For their abiding-place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean  
On our frail love once more.  
'T is sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,  
Through prayer unto the tomb,  
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,  
Gathering from every loss and grief  
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again  
With hearts new-brac'd and set  
To run, untir'd, love's blessed race,  
As meet for those, who face to face  
Over the grave their Lord have met.

## Churching of Women

Is there, in bowers of endless spring,  
One known from all the seraph band  
By softer voice, by smile and wing  
More exquisitely bland!

Here let him speed: to-day this hallow'd  
air

Is fragrant with a mother's first and  
fondest prayer.

Only let Heaven her fire impart,  
No richer incense breathes on earth:  
"A spouse with all a daughter's  
heart",

Fresh from the perilous birth,  
To the great Father lifts her pale glad  
eye,

Like a reviving flower when storms are  
hush'd on high.

O what a treasure of sweet thought  
Is here! what hope and joy and love  
All in one tender bosom brought,  
For the all-gracious Dove

## CHURCHING OF WOMEN

To brood o'er silently, and form for  
Heaven  
Each passionate wish and dream to dear  
affection given.

Her fluttering heart, too keenly blest,  
Would sicken, but she leans on  
Thee,  
Sees Thee by faith on Mary's breast,  
And breathes serene and free.  
Slight tremblings only of her veil  
declare<sup>1</sup>  
Soft answers duly whisper'd to each  
soothing prayer.

We are too weak, when Thou dost  
bless,  
To bear the joy—help, Virgin-born!  
By Thine own mother's first caress,  
That wak'd Thy natal morn!  
Help, by the unexpressive smile, that  
made  
A Heaven on earth around the couch  
where Thou wast laid!

<sup>1</sup> When the woman comes to this office, the rubric (as it was altered at the last review) directs that she be *decently apparelled*, i.e. as the custom and order was formerly, *with a white covering or veil*.—Wheately on the Common Prayer, c. xiii. sect. i. 3.

## Commination

The prayers are o'er: why slumberest  
thou so long,  
Thou voice of sacred song?  
Why swell'st thou not, like breeze  
from mountain cave,  
High o'er the echoing nave,  
The white-rob'd priest, as otherwhile,  
to guide  
Up to the Altar's northern side?—  
A mourner's tale of shame and sad decay  
Keeps back our glorious sacrifice to-day:

The widow'd Spouse of Christ: with  
ashes crown'd,  
Her Christmas robes unbound,  
She lingers in the porch for grief and  
fear,  
Keeping her penance drear.—  
O is it nought to you that idly gay,  
Or coldly proud, ye turn away?  
But if her warning tears in vain be  
spent,  
Lo, to her alter'd eye the Law's stern  
fires are lent.

## COMMINATION

Each awful curse, that on mount Ebal  
rang,  
Peals with a direr clang  
Out of that silver trump, whose tones  
of old  
Forgiveness only told.  
And who can blame the mother's fond  
affright,<sup>1</sup>  
Who sporting on some giddy height  
Her infant sees, and springs with hurried  
hand  
To snatch the rover from the dangerous  
strand?

But surer than all words the silent spell  
(So Grecian legends tell)  
When to her bird, too early scap'd  
the nest,  
She bares her tender breast,  
Smiling he turns and spreads his little  
wing,  
There to glide home, there safely  
cling.  
So yearns our mother o'er each truant  
son,  
So softly falls the lay in fear and wrath  
begun.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to a beautiful anecdote in the *Greek Anthology*, tom. i. 180, ed. Jacobs. See *Pleasures of Memory*, p. 133.

## COMMINATION

Wayward and spoil'd she knows ye:  
the keen blast,  
That brac'd her youth, is past:  
The rod of discipline, the robe of  
shame—  
She bears them in your name:  
Only return and love. But ye per-  
chance  
Are deeper plung'd in sorrow's  
trance:  
Your God forgives, but ye no comfort  
take  
Till ye have scourg'd the sins that in your  
conscience ache.

O heavy-laden soul! kneel down and  
hear  
Thy penance in calm fear:  
With thine own lips to sentence all  
thy sin;  
Then, by the judge within  
Absolv'd, in thankful sacrifice to part  
For ever with thy sullen heart,  
Nor on remorseful thoughts to brood,  
and stain  
The glory of the Cross, forgiven and  
cheer'd in vain.

## Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea



When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.—Isaiah xliii. 2.

The shower of moonlight falls as still and clear

Upon the desert main,  
As where sweet flowers some pastoral garden cheer

With fragrance after rain:  
The wild winds rustle in the piping shrouds,

As in the quivering trees:  
Like summer fields, beneath the shadowy clouds

The yielding waters darken in the breeze.

Thou too art here with thy soft inland tones,

Mother of our new birth;  
The lonely ocean learns thy orisons,  
And loves thy sacred mirth:

## *PRAYER TO BE USED AT SEA*

When storms are high, or when the fires  
of war

Come lightning round our course,  
Thou breath'st a note like music from  
afar,  
Tempering rude hearts with calm  
angelic force.

Far, far away, the homesick seaman's  
hoard,

Thy fragrant tokens live,  
Like flower-leaves in a precious volume  
stor'd,

To solace and relieve  
Some heart too weary of the restless  
world;

Or like thy sabbath Cross,  
That o'er the brightening billow streams  
unfurld,

Whatever gale the labouring vessel toss.

O kindly soothing in high Victory's hour,  
Or when a comrade dies,

In whose sweet presence Sorrow dares not  
lower,

Nor Expectation rise  
Too high for earth; what mother's heart  
could spare

To the cold cheerless deep

*PRAYER TO BE USED AT SEA*

Her flower and hope? but thou art with  
him there,  
Pledge of the untir'd arm and eye that  
cannot sleep:

The eye that watches o'er wild Ocean's  
dead,  
Each in his coral cave,  
Fondly as if the green turf wrapt his head  
Fast by his father's grave.—  
One moment, and the seeds of life shall  
spring  
Out of the waste abyss,  
And happy warriors triumph with their  
King  
In worlds without a sea,<sup>1</sup> unchanging  
orbs of bliss.

<sup>1</sup> And there was no more sea.—Revelation xxi. 1.

## Gunpowder Treason

As thou hast testified of Me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.---Acts xxviii. 21.

Beneath the burning eastern sky  
The Cross was rais'd at morn:  
The widow'd Church to weep stood by,  
The world, to hate and scorn.

Now, journeying westward, evermore  
We know the lonely Spouse  
By the dear mark her Saviour bore  
Trac'd on her patient brows.

At Rome she wears it, as of old  
Upon th' accursed hill:  
By monarchs clad in gems and gold,  
She goes a mourner still.

She mourns that tender hearts should bend  
Before a meaner shrine,  
And upon Saint or Angel spend  
The love that should be thine.

By day and night her sorrows fall  
Where miscreant hands and rude

## *GUNPOWDER TREASON*

Have stain'd her pure ethereal pall  
With many a martyr's blood.

And yearns not her parental heart,  
To hear *their* secret sighs,  
Upon whose doubting way apart  
Bewildering shadows rise?

Who to her side in peace would cling,  
But fear to wake, and find  
What they had deem'd her genial wing  
Was Error's soothing blind.

She treasures up each throbbing prayer:  
Come, trembler, come and pour  
Into her bosom all thy care,  
For she has balm in store.

Her gentle teaching sweetly blends  
With the clear light of Truth  
Th' aerial gleam that Fancy lends  
To solemn thoughts in youth.—

If thou hast lov'd, in hours of gloom,  
To dream the dead are near,  
And people all the lonely room  
With guardian spirits dear,

Dream on the soothing dream at will:  
The lurid mist is o'er,

*GUNPOWDER TREASON*

That show'd the righteous suffering still  
Upon th' eternal shore.

If with thy heart the strains accord,  
That on His altar-throne  
Highest exalt thy glorious Lord,  
Yet leave Him most thine own;

O come to our Communion Feast:  
There present in the heart,  
Not in the hands, th' eternal Priest  
Will His true self impart.—

Thus, should thy soul misgiving turn  
Back to th' enchanted air,  
Solace and warning thou mayst learn  
From all that tempts thee there.

And O! by all the pangs and fears  
Fraternal spirits know,  
When for an elder's shame the tears  
Of wakeful anguish flow,

Speak gently of our sister's fall:  
Who knows but gentle love  
May win her at our patient call  
The surer way to prove?

## King Charles the Martyr

This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God  
endure grief, suffering wrongfully.—*St. Peter ii. 19.*

Praise to our pardoning God! though  
silent now

The thunders of the deep prophetic sky,  
Though in our sight no powers of dark-  
ness bow

Before th' Apostles' glorious company;

The Martyrs' noble army still is ours,  
Far in the North our fallen days have  
seen

How in her woe the tenderest spirit towers  
For Jesus' sake in agony serene.

Praise to our God! not cottage hearths  
alone,

And shades impervious to the proud  
world's glare,

Such witness yield: a monarch from his  
throne

Springs to his Cross and finds his glory  
there.

## *KING CHARLES THE MARTYR*

Yes: wheresoe'er one trace of thee is found,  
As in the Sacred Land, the shadows fall:  
With beating hearts we roam the haunted  
ground,  
Lone battle field, or crumbling prison  
hall.

And there are aching solitary breasts,  
Whose widow'd walk with thought of  
thee is cheer'd,  
Our own, our royal Saint: thy memory  
rests  
On many a prayer, the more for thee  
endear'd.

True son of our dear Mother, early taught  
With her to worship and for her to die,  
Nurs'd in her aisles to more than kingly  
thought,  
Oft in her solemn hours we dream thee  
nigh.

For thou didst love to trace her daily lore,  
And where we look for comfort or for  
calm,  
Over the self-same lines to bend, and pour  
Thy heart with hers in some victorious  
psalm.

## KING CHARLES THE MARTYR

And well did she thy loyal love repay;  
When all forsook, her Angels still were  
nigh,  
Chain'd and bereft, and on thy funeral  
way,  
Straight to the Cross she turn'd thy  
dying eye.<sup>1</sup>

And yearly now, before the Martyrs' King,  
For thee she offers her maternal tears,  
Calls us, like thee, to His dear feet to  
cling,  
And bury in His wounds our earthly fears.

The Angels hear, and there is mirth in  
Heaven,  
Fit prelude of the joy, when spirits won  
Like thee to patient Faith, shall rise for-  
given,  
And at their Saviour's knees thy bright  
example own.

<sup>1</sup> "His Majesty then bade him (Mr. Herbert) withdraw; for he was about an hour in private with the Bishop (Juxon); and being called in, the Bishop went to prayer; and reading also the 27th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which relateth the Passion of our Blessed Saviour. The King, after the Service was done, asked the Bishop, if he had made choice of that chapter, being so applicable to his present condition? The Bishop replied, 'May it please your Gracious Majesty, it is the proper lesson for the day, as appears by the Kalendar'; which the King was much affected with, so aptly serving as a seasonable preparation for his death that day."—*Herbert's Memoirs*, p. 131.

## The Restoration of the Royal Family

And Barzillai said unto the King, How long have I to live, that I should go up with the King unto Jerusalem?—  
2 Samuel xix. 34.

As when the Paschal week is o'er,  
Sleeps in the silent aisles no more

The breath of sacred song,  
But by the rising Saviour's light  
Awaken'd soars in airy flight,  
Or deepening rolls along;<sup>1</sup>

The while round altar, niche, and shrine,  
The funeral evergreens entwine,

And a dark brilliance cast,  
The brighter for their hues of gloom,  
Tokens of Him, who through the tomb  
Into high glory pass'd:

Such were the lights and such the strains,  
When proudly stream'd o'er Ocean plains  
Our own returning Cross;

<sup>1</sup> The organ is silent in many Churches during Passion week: and in some it is the custom to put up evergreen boughs at Easter as well as at Christmas time.

THE RESTORATION OF

For with that triumph seem'd to float  
Far on the breeze one dirgelike note  
Of orphanhood and loss.

Father and King, O where art thou?  
A greener wreath adorns thy brow,  
And clearer rays surround;  
O for one hour of prayer like thine,  
To plead before th' all-ruling shrine  
For Britain lost and found!

And he,<sup>1</sup> whose mild persuasive voice  
Taught us in trials to rejoice,  
Most like a faithful dove,  
That by some ruin'd homestead builds,  
And pours to the forsaken fields  
His wonted lay of love:

Why comes he not to bear his part,  
To lift and guide th' exulting heart?—  
A hand that cannot spare  
Lies heavy on his gentle breast:  
We wish him health; he sighs for rest,  
And Heaven accepts the prayer.

Yes, go in peace, dear placid spright,  
I'll spar'd; but would we store aright  
Thy serious sweet farewell,

<sup>1</sup> Read Fell's *Life of Hammond*, p. 283-296. Oxford, 1806.

## THE ROYAL FAMILY

We need not grudge thee to the skies,  
Sure after thee in time to rise,  
With thee for ever dwell.

Till then, whene'er with duteous hand,  
Year after year, my native Land

Her royal offering brings,  
Upon the Altar lays the Crown,  
And spreads her robes of old renown  
Before the King of Kings,

Be some kind spirit, likest thine,  
Ever at hand, with airs divine  
The wandering heart to seize;  
Whispering, "How long hast thou to live,  
That thou shouldst Hope or Fancy give  
To flowers or crowns like these?"

## The Accession



As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not  
fail thee, nor forsake thee.—Joshua i. 5.

The voice that from the glory came  
To tell how Moses died unseen,  
And waken Joshua's spear of flame  
To victory on the mountains green,  
Its trumpet tones are sounding still,  
When Kings or Parents pass away,  
They greet us with a cheering thrill  
Of power and comfort in decay.

Behind the soft bright summer cloud  
That makes such haste to melt and die,  
Our wistful gaze is oft allow'd  
A glimpse of the unchanging sky:  
Let storm and darkness do their worst;  
For the lost dream the heart may ache,  
The heart may ache, but may not burst:  
Heaven will not leave thee nor forsake.

One rock amid the weltering floods,  
One torch in a tempestuous night,  
One changless pine in fading woods:—  
Such is the thought of Love and Might,

## *THE ACCESSION*

True Might and ever-present Love,  
When Death is busy near the throne,  
And Sorrow her keen sting would prove  
On Monarchs orphan'd and alone.

In that lorn hour and desolate,  
Who could endure a crown? but He,  
Who singly bore the world's sad weight,  
Is near, to whisper, "Lean on Me:  
Thy days of toil, thy nights of care,  
Sad lonely dreams in crowded hall,  
Darkness within, while pageants glare  
Around—the Cross supports them all".

O Promise of undying Love!  
While monarchs seek thee for repose,  
Far in the nameless mountain cove  
Each pastoral heart thy bounty knows.  
Ye, who in place of shepherds true  
Come trembling to their awful trust,  
Lo here the fountain to imbue  
With strength and hope your feeble dust.

Not upon Kings or Priests alone  
The power of that dear word is spent;  
It chants to all in softest tone  
The lowly lesson of Content:  
Heaven's light is pour'd on high and low;  
To high and low Heaven's Angel spake;  
"Resign thee to thy weal or woe,  
I ne'er will leave thee nor forsake."

## Ordination



After this, the congregation shall be desired secretly in their prayers to make their humble supplications to God for all these things: for the which prayers there shall be silence kept for a space.

After which shall be sung or said by the Bishop (the persons to be ordained Priests all kneeling), "Veni, Creator Spiritus".—Rubric in the Office for Ordering of Priests.

'T was silence in Thy temple, Lord,  
When slowly through the hallow'd air  
The spreading cloud of incense soar'd,  
Charg'd with the breath of Israel's prayer.

'T was silence round Thy throne on high,  
When the last wondrous seal unclos'd,<sup>1</sup>  
And in the portals of the sky  
Thine armies awfully repos'd.

And this deep pause, that o'er us now  
Is hovering—comes it not of Thee?  
Is it not like a Mother's vow,  
When with her darling on her knee

She weighs and numbers o'er and o'er  
Love's treasure hid in her fond breast,

<sup>1</sup> When He had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour.—Revelation viii. 1.

## *ORDINATION*

To cull from that exhaustless store  
The dearest blessing and the best?

And where shall Mother's bosom find,  
With all its deep love-learned skill,  
A prayer so sweetly to her mind,  
As, in this sacred hour and still,

Is wafted from the white-rob'd choir,  
Ere yet the pure high-breathed lay,  
"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire",  
Rise floating on its dove-like way.

And when it comes, so deep and clear  
The strain, so soft the melting fall,  
It seems not to th' entranced ear  
Less than Thine own heart-cheering call,

Spirit of Christ—Thine earnest given  
That these our prayers are heard, and  
they,  
Who grasp, this hour, the sword of Heaven,  
Shall feel Thee on their weary way.

Oft as at morn or soothing eve  
Over the Holy Fount they lean,  
Their fading garland freshly weave,  
Or fan them with Thine airs serene,

ORDINATION

Spirit of Light and Truth! to Thee  
We trust them in that musing hour,  
Till they, with open heart and free,  
Teach all Thy word in all its power.

When foemen watch their tents by night,  
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,  
Spirit of Counsel and of Might,  
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

And O! when worn and tir'd they sigh  
With that more fearful war within,  
When Passion's storms are loud and high,  
And brooding o'er remember'd sin

The heart dies down—O mightiest then,  
Come ever true, come ever near,  
And wake their slumbering love again,  
Spirit of God's most holy Fear!